

The TATLER

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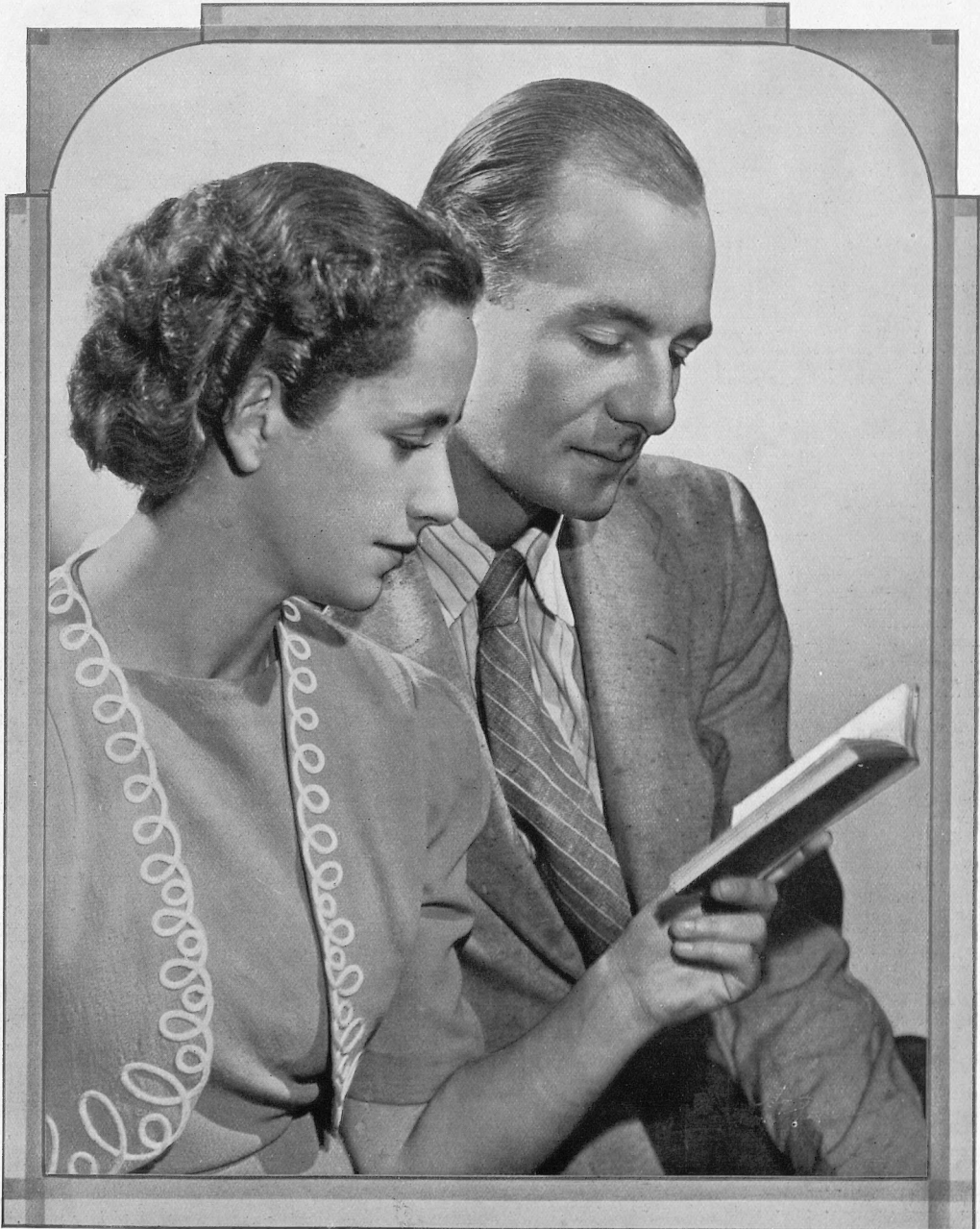
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The TATTLER

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Price One Shilling



JOHN GIELGUD AND HIS LEADING LADY, PEGGY ASHCROFT

Houston Rogers

An enterprising experiment on repertory lines starts shortly at the Queen's Theatre. The instigator is John Gielgud who will present four plays, each of which will run for not fewer than eight and not more than ten weeks. Peggy Ashcroft is to be leading lady and the programme leads off with *Richard II*. Follows *The School for Scandal*, then Tchekov's *The Three Sisters*. Finally, London will have the extremely interesting experience of seeing her leading emotional actor play Shylock to Peggy Ashcroft's Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. John Gielgud's season opens on the night of September 6



COUNTESS VON HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW AND HER SON

Count Von Haugwitz-Reventlow and his very attractive millionaire wife are at present spending a happy family holiday at the Venice Lido with their son, Lance. This sturdy young man, born in London seventeen months ago, has taken quite kindly to sea bathing, but he prefers both his mother and his nurse to be in attendance

THE Summer Sporting Club on Fridays is the most congested place on the Riviera, with "everyone" dining round the glass floor, that is "everyone" who is not dining on the dance floor at Deauville. The *piste* of Les Ambassadeurs disappeared under napery and cutlery long before the Grand

Prix. These resorts, separated by the length of *la belle France*, can afford mutual felicitations. They have scooped the socialites between them and even Austria, its hats, its hose, its conductors and its chamoix, is no longer on every charming chatterer's tongue tip. She seems content to go on to Scotland this year without murmuring about the blue Danube, perhaps because the grouse shortage means longer hours at backgammon and less in a butt. She, the eternally feminine, purposeful, irritating nitwit, has rather suddenly become submissive to the masterful, moody, elusive, spoilt and indispensable male. A new era? Or is it *reculer pour mieux* pick his pockets? In which case many a chap may live to sing with Harry Lauder, "Yon's the reason noo I wear the kilt."

The most noble the Marquess of Queensberry had a vast party at Monte Carlo's most Hollywood of galas. Francis, no longer in his pale blue shirt and brick-coloured beach trews, made an entrance in the Grand Manner to arrange guests at three refectory tables. Lady



AT APPLETREE COURT. LYNDBURST

Mrs. J. F. Hardy-Smith and her son and daughter by her first marriage, Mr. Ian and Miss Babette Hamilton Smith, at their Hampshire country house. Mrs. Hardy-Smith's first husband, the Hon. Frederick Hamilton Smith, died in 1931. He was Lord Colwyn's elder son. Mr. Ian Hamilton Smith is now heir to his grandfather, who was created a Baron during the Great War. Miss Babette Hamilton Smith, a Coronation debutante, had her eighteenth birthday last month

And the World said—



Hay Wrightson
MISS CLODAGH KENNEDY

The engagement of the Earl and Countess of Roden's elder son, Lieut. Viscount Jocelyn, Royal Navy, to Miss Clodagh Kennedy was announced at the end of July. The future Lady Jocelyn is the third daughter of the late Mr. Edward Kennedy of Irish racing fame. County Kildare will miss her greatly when she marries. Her fiancé is in the destroyer *Fame*

Isabel Guinness, correctly described by the New York press as "Britain's most beautiful brunette," was there, also husband, sister Lady Ursula Manners, who sat next Lady Mary Dunn's husband, and brother Lord Granby, who danced with Florrie Owen. She kept on her foxes in spite of the broiling midnight, and Fanny Ward, complaining of the cold, adjusted three tippets with the aid of Mr. Jack Dean. One woman had silver sequin shoes to match her skull cap. Lady "Ursie" Filmer-Sankey, her fair bob tied with a gold sequin bow, danced with Sir Geoffrey Archer, last sighted at Vichy. They were easily the tallest, Lady Sibell Lygon being at Deauville. Grand Duke Dmitri, of the ruminating, twisted smile, dined with the Adrian Baillies who have been joined by irrepressible "Bubbles," otherwise Mrs.

Daniel Haygood Haynes, New Yorker by marriage. Madame Jacques Wittouck, a dazzling and natural blonde, was hung with claret-coloured fringes and Lady Milford Haven looked interesting in green. From Cannes came Sir Henry and Lady Norman, June and "Ed" Hillman, "Pip" and Sheila Roche. There are always honeymooners at a Monte Carlo gala, and this was no exception. John Lowther, the Duke of Kent's private secretary, was with his white-clad bride, and the Toby Waddingtons revolved together. Diana de László, seen putting ten francs on red, muttered "I'm not allowed to do this." Staying at that peaceful hotel on Cap Martin, she was looking black in the back, the greatest compliment one can pay a woman in summer. Dress-designer, tennis-player Teddy Tinling, resting after a burst of autumnal creation, Mrs. Hugo Staub wearing the largest opal in the world (we hope she was born in October), Bee Lillie with her son, were saying "Hullo, everybody." On the beach newcomers include the Beattys, the "Tony" Tichbornes and the Brougham and Vauxs, who came on from Deauville. Quiet and devoted, they bathe and sit about together, keeping themselves to themselves. Hélène Taylor, the bronzed belle of Scheidegg, has arrived from Denmark, where it was "heavenly." Husband John has to work in London in August, like a lot of others, so she is filling her mother's Monte Carlo villa with visitors preparatory to exploring the Glory that was, and may still be, Greece! The Sydney Emanuels have gone on to Cannes and Lady Mary Dunn turned Londonwards. Lord Petre has brought his sister, Mrs. Healing, so "Joe" and "Elizabeth" are much in demand for parties, life being one long party on the crazy coast. In whichever light you look, even by floodlight, Madame Wittouck is the best wearer of the best clothes. Principe Ottoboni's dark blue beach ensemble will give Savile Row, or anyway Piccadilly, the creative urge. Patterned Paisley wrappers over swim suits are popular, but no one has as vivid a bath-robe as the one "Laddie" Sanford bequeathed to American bachelor George Richard when he shook off the sand of Deauville for Hungarian *fata morgana*. Lord Perth's niece, Monica Drummond, bound for Scottish gatherings, has been



Suzette

ON FRINTON'S SANDS OF GLEE

Lady Ashfield, the American wife of London's famous Transport chief, with her grandchildren, Edwina, Clive and Caroline Barford, and their cousin, David Rutland. Clive and his twin, Caroline, and elder sister, Edwina, are the children of Lord and Lady Ashfield's younger daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Barford. David is the son of their elder daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Roys, by her first marriage

at Cap Martin with Donna Carla Raggio-Browne. She nurses screen ambitions. Sister Myra went on the stage for a bit before marrying Martin Soames, and beauty and talent are family traits. Others seen—Lady Markham, Henry Allsopp, brother of "Sam," escorting soft-voiced Marguerite Allan, little Belita Jepson-Turner chaperoned by Manma, John Barrymore's daughter Diana, up-to-date schoolgirl, and ex-Dorchester damsel Peggy Hamilton. Captain Richard Norton brought his eyeglass, but Lord Howland only wears his on gala nights, and ambitious mothers would hardly recognise him. One of the Riviera's many charms is its go-as-you-please atmosphere. Charles Laughton and Elsa Lanchester eat vitamin lunches at the fruit bar between shots of a picture based on a Somerset Maugham story. The Percy Melvilles (Catriona Macleod) sit under a cypress at the Cap while she sews. Diana Mills is bidden to every party. She has a good time all the year round, which proves you don't need to be rich or a film star to circulate with the chinchilla crowd. Diana has nice manners. Thank Heaven the Wykhamist motto is as true to-day as ever, more so since good manners shine by contrast with the casual mob. And what a mob!

This Grand Prix week at Deauville has been delicious. Even the geraniums look pale, and as for the canaries, well, the circles under their eyes are as big as the halos which have returned to racing women's heads. Lady Sibell Lygon has one and Mrs. Rank another, but Marcelle Rogez's is the biggest. Mrs. Vandy Beatty was there, and young Shaw-Kennedy and Lord Beaverbrook, with his henchmen, Lord Castlerosse, Lord Forbes and Brendan Bracken. Mrs. Euan Wallace has been smiling in the paddock before taking her sons round the Paris Exhibition, after which wearing task we feel sure she will still be smiling. Lady Cranborne appeared, and Sir Hugh Seely, who went on to Scotland, the Willoughby de Brokes (Rachel raced with Harry Richman, dressed in the same sky-blue as his suit), the Stavordales, Mrs. Corrigan, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Willoughby Holland, the Furnesses, Jack Clayton, Lady Durham and her parents, the Mountbattens and their daughter

(Continued overleaf)



LIEUT.-COMMANDER WOODROFFE

The well-known commentator, who will be commentator for National News, the new news reel, which starts in October. This will not interfere with Lt.-Commander Woodroffe's activities at the B.B.C.



Truman Howell

AT THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS' BALL AT BRECON

The annual cricket week of the famous 24th Regiment at Brecon wound up with a highly successful Ball, at which guests were nearly 300 strong. The five of them shown here are Mrs. L. I. G. Morgan-Owen, Mrs. T. C. Greenway, Major-General L. I. G. Morgan-Owen, Colonel of the Regiment, Lt.-Colonel T. C. Greenway, a former C.O., and Mrs. C. T. Llewellyn. Major-General Morgan-Owen is Major-General in charge of Administration, Eastern Command

And the World said—*continued*

Patricia, a tall, attractive child, the Borotras back from a honeymoon in Spitzbergen, the Cornelius Dresselhuys, still looking like honeymooners and bound for Biarritz, where things are waking up, Elizabeth Jenns Crocker, "Pops" Purbrick with his eldest son Eric, who had just arrived from Australia with his wife, another Australian, the Maharani of Pudukota, accompanied, as always, by her Cambridge undergraduate son, the Harry La Montagnes, representing American Paris, Judge James B. Drew, representing Pennsylvania, the brilliant Maharani of Cooch Behar, and so on; and so into the gambling room where we heard a man say, "Well, she's no chicken," to which his pal replied, "Yes, she's off the roulette board." A woman turned round and said, "Thank goodness I'm still in the pack of cards."

* * * Switch to Saratoga, the Deauville plus several of America. The more horsey part of U.S. "society" settled there for a month's racing. Some of the wealthiest were notable absentees on the opening day. The reason for this, according to a trainer in charge of one millionaire stable, is, "They have to wait till they can cut their coupons on August 1st." Regulars like young Alfred Vanderbilt and Jock Whitney have not missed a day since the opening. Jock flew from Chicago but was forced down by a storm and had to take a train. Too bad! Alfred, of course, is one of the most eligible young men in the country, but so far girls have failed to divert his interest from *les chevaux*. Mrs. Oliver Iselin is one of the most charming box-holders among older *grandes dames*. "Brose" Clark's hats cause excitement. He no longer wears his Rip Van Winkle white bowler, but alternates between a cap of many colours and a feather-weight panama. Saratoga is unique. Long before the Gay 'Nineties it was the most fashionable watering place in America and the élite flocked yearly to drink the mineral springs. They stayed at the United States Hotel and at the Grand Union, which hostilities remain outwardly as they were—monuments of the ginger-bread style. A few old-fashioned horse-drawn vehicles still park themselves along the "main" street to take people out to the track, but these are only "atmosphere" as the place hums with expensive automobiles. There are no bad quarters of an hour. Up early to see the horses work out at the track, then golf or tennis at the country club, then racing, dining, gambling, dancing. It sounds very much like Deauville, including the thoroughbred sales. Sophie Tucker shouted her way through this season at the Piping Rock restaurant. Once upon a time (no, we are not going to tell the shortest American love story right here) when Berry Wall was surnamed "The King of the Dudes" he wore to a "hop" at the Grand Union the first dinner-jacket ever seen in America. He was asked to leave the floor as he

was "not properly dressed." Mr. Wall still gloats over this memory of sartorial sunrise in Saratoga.

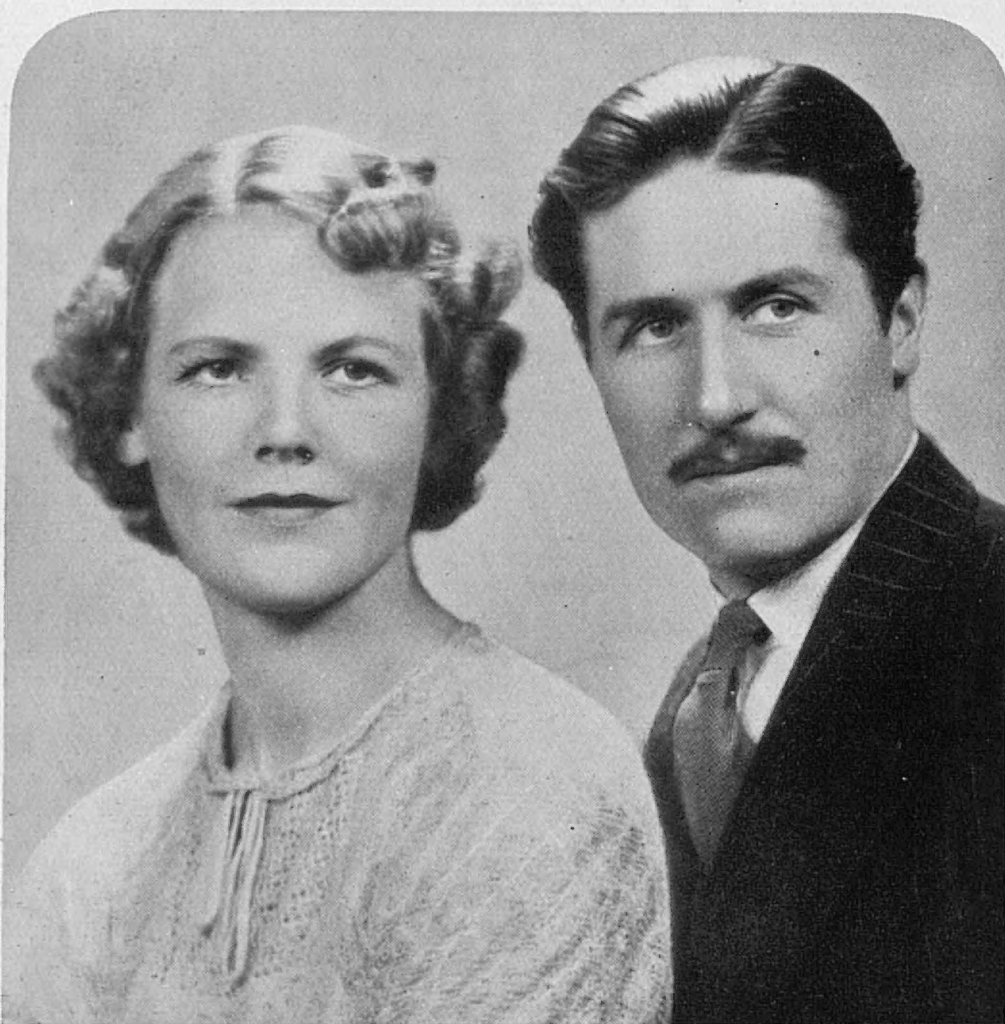
* * *

Scottish Spy reports a brilliant garden party at Stirling Castle, company and weather equally bright. The Hereditary Keeper of the Castle, Lord Mar and Kellie, with Lady Mar in flowing black draperies, were accompanied by her sister, Lady Mildred Allsopp. County families attended in formation and guests from farther afield included Sir Charles and Lady Sybil Grant, the Duke of Atholl, wearing the kilt, his brother Hamish, and Lady Breadalbane. To the disappointment of several foreigners the hosts—namely officers of the A. and S.—were not in uniform, but pipers blew from the battlements and both bonnie lassies and raspberries with cream abounded. The young Countess d'Harambure "did" the sights and was interested to learn that the son of James VI (One to the English), Prince Henry, who predeceased his father, was the last Scottish Prince brought up there. He spent nine years on the rock, guarded, as his father had been, by the then Earl of Mar and Kellie. It was Prince Henry who introduced Scotland's national industry, golf, to his countrymen. Who all was at the party, as they ask in the North? Mrs. Ian Stewart, of Appin, wife of the Commanding Officer of Stirling Castle, Lady Orr-Ewing, of Cardross, looking nearly as young as daughter Jean, Lady Forteviot and, in peacock, Mrs. Stewart, of Murdeston Castle. Spy recounts that the Games season, so over satirised in the Sassen-

ach Press, started at Bridge of Allan. Crieff Games carried on, but these are just *hors d'œuvres* before Inverness, Oban and all that. Tactful grouse, evidently conscious of Coronation year obligations, have not deserted the Balmoral district, though many other areas are barren. But there is no reason to fear a shortage of midges. These insects have been behaving like mosquitoes. The daily Press did not let Spy down. She culled this bright gem: "The crack of guns over Highland moors soon after dawn heralded the start of Scotland's most prosperous grouse-shooting season." Can you beat it! This is hardly a prosperous season and whoever went out at dawn (soon after midnight in northern lands) would be shot for a poacher. Which reminds me to enquire what has happened to Elsa Maxwell's long-heralded autobiography entitled "Shot at Dawn"?

* * *

News comes that Bembridge still goes on and that the last dance at the Garland Club was crowded. The Hon. Mrs. Roger Chetwode was attractive in black, her tiny jacket edged with white. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Rumbold made one of their first public appearances—she was Felicity Bailey until recently—and Lady Viola Dundas was "also present." Miss Ann Baxendale brought her large party to the Club for lunch the next day. The Baxendales' yacht is anchored Under Tyne and parties are made up to go on board for lunch and tea. The annual tennis tournament is another popular activity.



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED

Dorothy Wilding

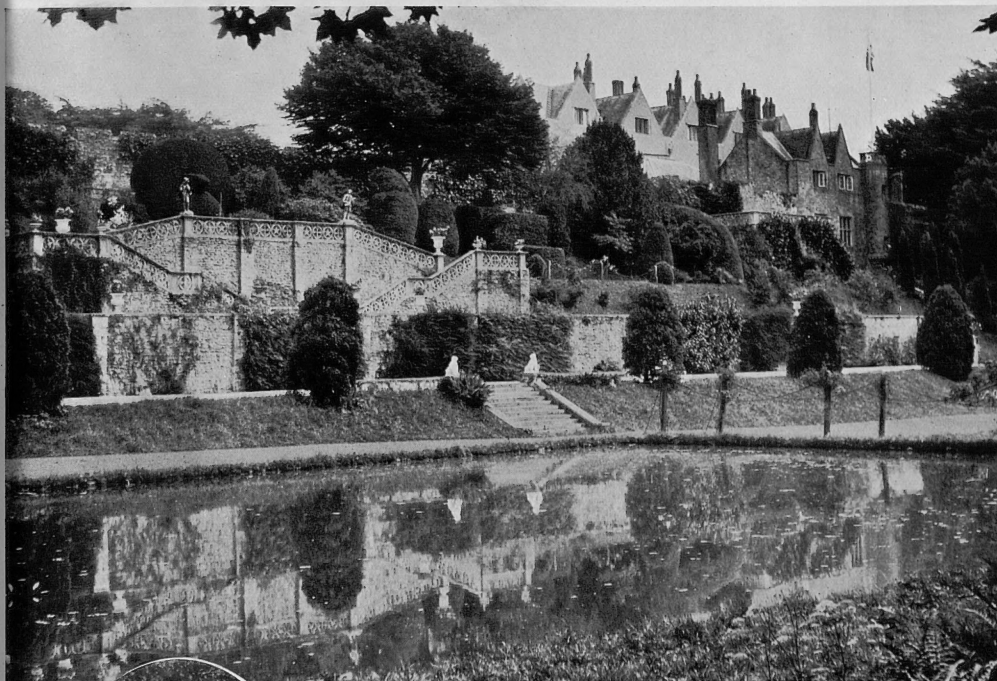
Miss Elaine de Chair and her fiancé, Mr. Michael Hamer, son of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. F. A. Hamer, of Cadland House, near Fawley. Miss de Chair, the only daughter of Admiral Sir Dudley and Lady de Chair, is a particularly popular member of Wentworth's young set. Her father was Governor of New South Wales, 1923-30



AT A SCOTTISH GATHERING

Major Sir Humphrey Leggett talking to Lady Owen at the 62nd annual gathering of the Strathardle Clansmen at Kirkmichael. Sir Humphrey Leggett, Chairman of the East African Section, London Chamber of Commerce, used to be a Sapper. Lady Owen is the wife of Sir Cecil Owen, whose Perthshire address is Alltreoch, Blairgowrie

AT A
BEAUTIFUL
WELSH
STRONGHOLD:
ST. FAGAN'S
CASTLE.
LORD
PLYMOUTH'S
SEAT



LADY PHYLIS BENTON AND HER
DAUGHTER, MELISSA



THE FAMILY GROUP: LEFT TO RIGHT—LADY GILIAN WINDSOR-CLIVE, LADY CLARISSA
WINDSOR-CLIVE, LORD PLYMOUTH, LADY ROSULA WINDSOR-CLIVE, LADY PLYMOUTH, THE
HON. RICHARD WINDSOR-CLIVE AND LORD WINDSOR

Truman Howell

No one, probably, has more need of a little relaxation than the distinguished Chairman of the Non-Intervention Committee, for it is a very troublesome and hard-pulling team that Lord Plymouth has on the other end of the "ribbons." A less expert coachman might have had the whole equipage in the ditch long ago, instead of which it is still on the road. It is quite redundant to expatiate upon the beauties of St. Fagan's, his Welsh seat, for they are very apparent to the naked eye. Lady Plymouth, who is in the big group with her husband and children, is the former Lady Irene Charteris, youngest daughter of the late Lord Wemyss, who died last month, and the late Lady Wemyss, who died last April. Lady Phyllis Benton is Lord Plymouth's only sister, and the widow of the late Major Hugh Benton, 4th Cavalry, Indian Army

THE CINEMA

Sillier and Sillier
By JAMES AGATE

THE Silly Season is upon us again with even more than the usual intensity. One paper tells me that the South Sea Island of Charles Laughton's new film is to be chosen in the Mediterranean and covered with synthetic palms and artificial banyans: I hope a little room will be left for Mr. Laughton. Another informs me that the exact shade of Robert Taylor's eyes is cobalt blue: "From the beginning he was nicknamed 'Handsome,' and had to defeat the rudeness and suspicion of boys who were, in reality, thoroughly jealous of his appearance." We are told, moreover, that the first girl Mr. Taylor ever asked to dance with him was "a certain sloe-eyed, dusky-haired collegiette who seemed born to fill that rôle." Director Rouben Mamoulian's part in the season is to renew an old controversy, "If Duse were alive to-day," he is reported as saying, "she could walk before the camera and give a terrific performance without any change of technique. Bernhardt, on the other hand, would overact to the length of being funny." I disdain, of course, to enter this argument any more, but would only say that I would rather see twenty minutes of Sarah to-day or even ten of Duse in her most characteristic vein of back-bedroom martyrdom than all the film-acting that has been done in Hollywood and England since the last Silly Season.

B. J. Nolan, a lovable but eccentric old man, lost a fortune backing worthless inventions. His latest project, Nolan Heights, was a model village designed to relieve congested tenement conditions. His son, Kenneth, who had a million dollars in his own right left him by his mother, would not give his father the hundred thousand dollars he needed for his building plan. There entered Virginia, who came into B. J.'s office one day for a job and fainted from hunger when she didn't get it. So B. J. took her home, engaged her with complete propriety as housekeeper, and employed her two friends, Judy and Hunk, as maid and butler. Kenneth arrived next day from Europe, accompanied by an adventurer and an adventurer who were after his million dollars. Virginia hid B. J. in the kitchen and told Kenneth his father was in Chicago. She then tried to persuade him to build Nolan Heights, but her persuasions were without avail. Kenneth laughed, said his father was crazy, and told her all about the other gadgets on which B. J. had lost thousands. Unlike his father, Kenneth was a serious, sober young man who believed in saving his money. He had given up drink because of its immediate effect on him: "The last time I got drunk I bought an ice-rink!" So Virginia made a dainty frock out of some curtain material, took a bottle of champagne into the garden at night, and sat contemplating it. When discovered by Kenneth she said she was about to celebrate her birthday. The two shared the bottle, with the happy result that it was Virginia who passed out and Kenneth who had to carry her upstairs.

With B. J. assisting from backstage, Hunk and Judy egging Virginia on, and the adventurer Henri and Nina busy with plots of their own, it is then,

according to the programme, that the fun begins:—

"Virginia, with the contract for Nolan Heights in her pocket, climbs into the tree outside Kenneth's window. Kenneth joins her there. He is giddy and irresponsible and wants to sign the contract. But Virginia loves him and doesn't want him to do anything he will regret. Judy and Hunk join the party, as do Nina and Henri, who try to dissuade Kenneth from signing. Nina falls from the tree into which she has crawled in her excitement and is knocked unconscious. Henri embraces her and gives the show away completely. He tells them he isn't Nina's uncle—far from it, he loves her madly. B. J. pops out, to everyone's astonishment, and entreats Kenneth to sign. Virginia throws a pail of water at Kenneth. Sober now, he tells Virginia he loves her and signs the contract."

This film is *Woman Chases Man* at the London Pavilion, and, with a faltering grasp on rationality, I must ask readers if its conclusion, as set down above in the management's own words, is not altogether too silly even for a film-farce in August. Why, if the young man was so level-headed, did he bring back an obvious pair of rogues from Paris—a manifest

gold-seeker whom he showed no signs of caring for, and her obviously bogus uncle? Why all the needless pretence that B. J. had removed to Chicago at all? Why the new staff which was obviously not a genuine staff? Why everything? The whole reason is the double one of the presence of Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea, who share between them enough intelligence and charm to make at least the first three-quarters of the nonsense endurable. Duse and Bernhardt rolled into one could not make anything except preposterousness out of the film's conclusion. But the rest of it does very well for a heat-wave. Miss Hopkins is increasingly good at agitation and at suggesting an unusual sort of wayward honesty, and Mr. McCrea is coming along very nicely. Directors may argue and direct and argue again until they are cobalt blue in the face. Nothing in the films counts for nearly so much as personality and profile, especially when it is combined with a little mimetic talent.

There are lashings of further silliness in the morning papers that come to hand as I finish this column. The best lashing of all is the following stop press item which is of international moment:—

Mussolini, decreeing that no comedy film sequence should contain any shot of spaghetti, has posed a pretty problem to Archie Mayo, making *The Adventures of Marco Polo* for Sam Goldwyn with Gary Cooper. For the national dish of Italy was brought by the great thirteenth-century explorer from China. Mayo has solved the diplomatic difficulty by making the English-speaking version refer (correctly) to spaghetti. Then he shot the scene over again for showing to potential Italian exhibitors, calling the foodstuff "noodles."

In the matter of attaining the highest pitch of utter futility in film-fodder, this seems to me, as they say in Lancashire, to lick Pompey!



MARTA EGGERTH

As she appears in *A Castle in Flanders* (Das Schloss in Flandern) which had its première at the Berkeley Cinema on Wednesday last. The return to the screen of so brilliant an artist as Marta Eggerth is tremendously welcome, and her singing of Franz Grothe's haunting melodies in this fine new German film proves her to be in better voice than ever. Paul Hartmann plays the supporting rôle

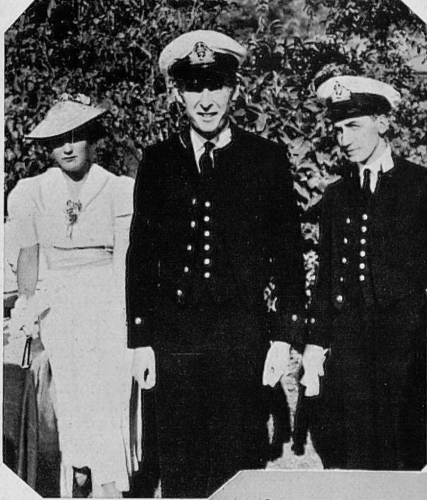


SIR GIFFORD AND LADY FOX'S SECOND SHOOT AT GLEN MOYE

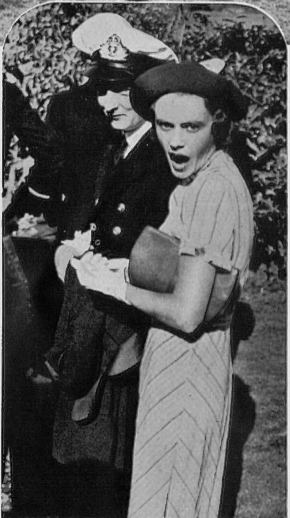
Above is a picture taken of the second instalment of guests at Sir Gifford and Lady Fox's grouse-shooting house-parties at Glen Moye. The names are, left to right: Lord Tweeddale, Lord Lisburne, Sir George and Lady Abercromby, Lord Bective, Lord Eltisley, Lady Fox's father, Sir Gifford Fox, Lady Mansfield, Lord Carnegie and Lord Mansfield



AT CANADIAN NAVY WEEK, VICTORIA, B.C.: LIEUT.-COMMANDER F. M. BEASLEY AND MRS. HAMBER, WIFE OF THE LIEUT.-GOVERNOR



MISS VALERIE BYROM, MIDSHIPMAN D. P. Z. COX AND MIDSHIPMAN A. G. VAN RENEN



LIEUT.-COMMANDER AND MRS. T. H. HILL-WALKER

(Below) Lieut. D. C. V. Pelley, Lieut.-Commander F. M. Beasley, Commander C. P. Clarke, Miss Pam Beard and Lieut. G. Fowler



All the engaging snapshots in the lower part of this page were taken at an At Home given by the Commander-in-Charge, Royal Canadian Navy, Esquimalt, Commander C. T. Beard, and Mrs. Beard, in honour of the visit of H.M.S. *Exeter* with Commodore H. H. Harwood and Officers. Canadian Navy Week was held to celebrate the 75th anniversary of the City of Victoria, and they had quite "extra" weather at this At Home and at all the other functions, dances, cocktail parties, receptions and other appropriate kick-ups. All the officers in these pictures are in H.M.S. *Exeter*, and Lieut.-Commander Beasley is seen with the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, H.H. Eric W. Hamber. Commander and Mrs. Beard's daughter is seen in another group. Commodore H. H. Harwood is Officer Commanding the South American Division

Racing Ragout

By
"GUARDRAIL"

MY horoscope in the Sunday papers said that during the week a "great truth would be borne in on me, and it has been. You can't beat the game. You may with luck buy animals that can go, with still more luck your trainer may steer them through or past all the ills and afflictions to which our delicate breed of horses is heir, you may have the incredible fortune to find you have put them in a race they can win, but having thus run the bank three times the deck is stacked against you. A friend of mine put up a fully fledged jockey and betted. Taking the jockey on one side he said: "Now, listen. You are on 10 per cent. stakes and the odds to a tanner." "Yes, sir," replied the pawn of the pigskin. "Now, the only fear is she may not get the trip, so you must wait with her." "Yes, sir," again replied the jockey, with the faraway look in his eye of the hungry man who has heard a steak frizzling. "Do you understand," continued the anxious owner, "you must wait and wait and wait, and not come out till the last hundred yards." "Yes, sir," reiterated the jockey, his eyes registering complete vacuity.

Once again the owner tried. "Whatever anything else does you have got to keep tucked in. If you show in front before the last hundred yards I'll shoot you. Do you see?"

shoot him?
No. While
convinced
that no jury
could possibly



AT THE BATH MEETING

Mrs. Maurice Pope, Col. G. Henry and that cheery and much-battered personality, Bert Gordon, ex-steeplechase jockey and present successful trainer



ALSO AT BATH RACES

Mr. B. Van Cutsem, who is very keen on doing the dangerous between the flags and does it very well, and Lady Rosemary Eliot, whose mother, Lady Blanche Douglas, owned the runner-up in the Brockham seller. The late Lord St. Germans, Lady Rosemary Eliot's father, eventually died from the effects of a bad fall in a point-to-point in Cornwall

"Yes, sir."
With three furlongs to go the owner saw his animal driven from the third rank into a two-lengths lead, and from then onwards it was scourged till it had been reduced to a walk, when it was beaten a neck on the post. Wreathed in smiles the jockey appeared carrying his saddle. "They all dropped back three furlongs from home," he said. "If she had had anything to race with she'd have won." Did he



"STEVE" AT DEAUVILLE

The great little man has been riding at the recent meeting and is here seen having a bit of sun and air in between whiles. Steve Donoghue is not, of course quite dressed for the part

convict, he had not the courage of his convictions. And yet only to-day was I told of an Irish gentleman who threatened on three occasions to shoot his cook for sending the soup up cold. On the fourth occasion he remarked to the butler: "There's no hurry, Michael, but when you bring the coffee bring my revolver." Finishing his liqueur and putting on a big cigar he went below decks and, using all five chambers, left the cook very rightly as full of holes as one of her own colanders. As thousands of men have threatened this and he was the only one to do it, he was considered not normal, and therefore insane, and detained in an institution for six years. He is now out and married, and even if he orders Madrilène gelé it appears in a cloud of steam.

Taking a well-earned (sic) holiday in Southern Ireland, horses, racing and all the hurly-burly of the racecourse seemed very far away. Almost was I persuaded to retire from the outside world and live like my friend on a trammel net and the immoral earnings of a pony stallion. Barter is the exchange employed, and the procedure is something as follows: The sound of a man shuffling his feet on the gravel is heard and on being asked his mission he replies: "'Tis the services of the pony I want."

"What can you give, Corney?"

"I am but a poor man with grass for two cows," is the usual reply.

"Have you any chicken?"

"I have not, but I have a grand salmon."

The deal is struck, and on this season alone the pony has been worked out to have earned 36 chicken, six pounds of butter, four dozen eggs, four salmon (poached), and a large bunch of Arum lilies! The only free service so far given was accidentally to the mare who brought a corpse for interment in the graveyard in the pony's demesne. The grass in the studs in Ireland seems quite incredible after the majority of English ones, a fact which you notice walking round in the almost knee-high grass after rain at the Fort Union Stud. Grand bone and substance the yearlings grow, and I'd like to rob a bank and buy the Pharos and Tetratema colts from these at Doncaster.

The death of George Williamson, pilot of that great horse Manifesto when he won the Grand National of 1899, will be regretted by everyone of the older brigade, and especially by those who may hunt with the Quorn and the South Notts.

SOME YORK PROB- ABLES

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The industrious "Tout" has not taken much risk in presuming that all the celebrities in his gallery will be at the York Summer Meeting, one of the pleasantest of all the fixtures on that famous battleground, the Knavesmire. A short catalogue goes like this: Mr. J. L. Dugdale is a steward of the meeting, a well-known owner and breeder, and a member of the Jockey Club; private address: Crathorne Hall, Yarm; Lord Fitzwilliam needs no introduction to anyone who has ever heard of a racehorse or a foxhound; "Mat" and Harry Peacock train in Yorkshire, Middleham; Colonel Wilkinson is the man behind the gun at York; Lord Feversham is Joint-Master of the Sinnerington, and Colonel Story trains with Elsey at Malton



A FEW "CELEBS" BY "THE TOUT"



JOHN VAN DRUTEN

Whose new play, "Gertie Maude," which opened last week at the St. Martin's Theatre, takes us back to 1911 and has a chorus-girl heroine. It is the tenth play produced by Aurio Lee for this brilliant dramatist, who lately returned to England after two years' scenario-writing in Hollywood

and Girl Guide movement than have won a great war. Now I know I should. It is really a wonderful story. Begun a comparatively few years ago by the then Sir Robert Baden-Powell and a small band of enthusiasts on Brownsea Island in Poole Harbour, it is to-day a world-wide organisation. An organisation, moreover, which embraces the Youth of all nations. Among that happy company of youth are the blind, the crippled, the deaf; even the lepers. One glorious World-Brotherhood of Youth; both boys and girls. The effect for Good is already apparent. (The difference in manner, outlook and resourcefulness between a boy or girl who is a Scout or Guide and one who is neither is nearly always remarkable.) What the effect of the Movement will be in the future makes optimists of us all. Infinitely more so, anyway, than faith in the League of Nations, or, for the matter of that, any adult association for World-peace. One would, indeed, like to make joining the Scout Movement compulsory for every boy, except that the spirit of a voluntary Brotherhood is invariably stronger and finer than any compulsory one. Not very far from where I live there is a large, semi-underground Fun-o'-the Fair, where hundreds of potential youthful hooligans and painted, semi-immoral little girls congregate nightly. One would like to see the whole lot recruited in some such movement as the Scouts or Guides, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the country's future.

One must, however, remain satisfied that the Scout Movement is going ahead by leaps and bounds, and if the spirit which invested it in its earlier years continues in steadfastness, there is surely hope for some kind of real civilisation of To-morrow. For the Scout Movement is a movement without religious, class, political or monied prejudices. It embraces all nations and all creeds and every social grade. It is the finest answer to the modern problem

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Story of the Boy Scout Movement.

EVEN before reading Mr. Beresford Webb's delightful history of the Scout Movement, "Scouting Achievements" (Putnam; 6s.), I believed that I would far sooner have been the original pioneer of the Boy Scout

of Greater Leisure that has yet been found. For it teaches a boy to be self-reliant, to be practical, to find interest anywhere in life; briefly, to be, if possible, a good citizen and a real man. It is education and character-development by the best means, which is by acts rather than words. "If you want to see Scouting at its best," Mr. Webb writes, "go to the poorer quarters of our big towns; go even to the slum areas. Scouting is a movement for every boy, but to the lad from the mean streets it is the golden adventure. The Scout Law becomes the code of chivalry, and each Good Turn brings a vision, and murky buildings, ramshackle houses, grim warehouses become glittering palaces in a world of dreams. Scouting also brings a wonderful practical reality, in fields and woods, and glistening dew, and the scent of the hayfields, and the woods in spring. . . . Often the boys from the worst parts are the salt of the earth; cheeky, perhaps, and uncouth in their language and habits, but having within them the power to do great things if only something or someone will set them on the right path. They take to Scouting as a duck takes to water, and once the ideals of the Movement grip them, they forge straight ahead towards worthy citizenship."

Which reminds me that a couple of years ago I was visiting the church on Portland, once built by those serving life-sentences, but now the church of the Borstal Institution. The boys were cleaning the church on the day of my visit, and regarding them critically I was forced to admit that, in physique and general appearance, any parent would have been proud to acknowledge them as his own! Clean-limbed nearly all of them were, and, if one presumes to judge by expression and general deportment, straightforward and honest! And yet! . . . Anyway, I came away with the feeling that if those young criminals had been able to escape their environment during the impressionable years, and had been given something worth-while in which to expend their energies and youth, not nearly so many would be undergoing Borstal treatment on Portland Bill or elsewhere. It is among this class of boy that I can well believe the Scout Movement to be doing its finest work—although the result may never be known. It gives boys an outlet, it fosters camaraderie, it offers them an ideal—the three most inspiring influences-for-good in any young mind, or, for the matter of fact, in any older one. Elsewhere, Mr. Webb's book is filled by interesting gossip of Scouts and the Scout Movement in all parts of the world, with the exception of Germany and Italy, where the Movement, unaffiliated nowadays with the main one, has a political ægis and so is outside the Scout Law. America is one of the most enthusiastic countries,



DODIE SMITH

England's most successful feminine playwright, whose new comedy, "Bonnet Over the Windmill," with Ivy St. Helier and Ann Firth in the cast, comes to the New Theatre—according to present arrangements—on September 8. Since Dodie Smith made her name with "Autumn Crocus," she has increased her reputation with each of her three subsequent plays, "Service," "Touch Wood," and particularly "Call It a Day," which was filmed

and how the Movement came to the States is a little romance of its own. It happened this way: "The late Mr. William Boyce of Chicago was in London on a business trip, and he happened to get lost in a real pea-soup London fog. He stopped a small London newsboy and asked him for directions. The boy was most helpful, and took the trouble to conduct Mr. Boyce to his destination. When Mr. Boyce sought to reward the boy for his trouble, it was refused with the remark: 'I am a Boy Scout and we don't accept payment for any Good Turn we can do.' Mr. Boyce was most impressed and immediately set out to get particulars of this Scout Movement, and on his return to the United States, Scouting was established in that country."

The Movement itself, indeed, has been its only propaganda, and that, perhaps, is why it is to be found in almost every corner of the world. This story of how the Scout Movement developed from very small beginnings, until it is the most famous and justly popular Youth-movement of the day, is

(Continued on page 338)

BEACH PARADE



SIR A. DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE AND MISS "GIGS" MACFARLANE AT MONTE CARLO



ANTON DOLIN (RIGHT) WITH MRS. JOHN TAYLOR AND M. GEORGES DU CROS



LADY PEEL (BEATRICE LILLIE) AND HER SON AT EDEN ROC



MISS DIANA BARRYMORE AND PRINCE MONGILINO GUIDO AT MONTE CARLO



AT EDEN ROC: T.H. THE GRAND DUKE AND GRAND DUCHESS BORIS OF RUSSIA



LORD AND LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX MAKE FOR THE SWIMMING-POOL

The famous Monte Carlo Beach was the setting for four out of these six pictures, and more of its many patrons are to be found on another page. Sir Anthony Doughty-Titchborne, seen talking to Miss "Gigs" Macfarlane, is the head of a family which was established in Hampshire before the Conquest and derived its name from that dry-fly fisherman's Valhalla, the River Itchen; Sir Anthony married Sir Harold Snagge's daughter last year. Anton Dolin, very bright light of British ballet, was having an easy on the Riviera after a protracted and highly successful tour with his brilliant *vis-à-vis*, Markova. Mrs. John Taylor, an attractive young-married, was formerly Miss Hélène Grant-Richards, and Miss Diana Barrymore is film star John Barrymore's daughter. Being quite recent arrivals, Lord and Lady Brougham and Vaux were not as brown as most when they met the camera, but the Monte Carlo sun is a quick worker. Beatrice Lillie usually makes a get-away from Broadway at this time of year so as to spend the summer holidays with her schoolboy son, Sir Robert Peel, who will be seventeen in December. They have been having a grand time at Eden Roc, where the Grand Duke Boris of Russia and his wife are also in residence. The Grand Duke Boris is a brother of the Grand Duke Kirill, head of the Romanoffs

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

as interesting as it is exciting. How the now popular International Jamborees first started, how boys suffering from physical or mental disabilities and so outside any youth association were gradually roped in; the great deeds which have won for Scouts their equivalent of a Victoria Cross; how in almost every walk of life, in both peace and war, the Scout is there ready to do, and is doing, his "bit"—all these are so many delightfully interesting pages in a thoroughly interesting and charming book. A book which, even if one ever doubted, would immediately make us join hands with the author when, to those who minimise its influence for good, or try hard to see it in a militarist tendency, he writes: "Would that these people, all of them, would take a little trouble to learn more about us. They would soon discover that we are neither military nor anti-military, and that we are non-political and non-sectarian. We seek to produce men of character, normal men, strong in faith, strong in mind and body, useful citizens, loyal subjects, and men who put the needs of their fellows before their own."

Deck-chair Romance.

There are certain books, usually novels, which absolutely demand a mind in a mild state of sleepy happiness, such as one experiences in a deck-chair under an afternoon sun somewhere on some quiet beach or peaceful garden. "Leave me to repose," cries the mind; adding, parenthetically, that it is becoming a little bored watching waves or listening to the hum of bees. It demands recreation without effort; mental relaxation without boredom. Briefly, it demands sleep or the kind of easy-to-read novel of which "Sunset at Noon" (Harrap; 7s. 6d.), by Ruth Feiner, is a good example. This will disturb nobody's intellect, while at the same time keeping the mind playfully interested. Fate smiled benignly upon the heroine. At the age of twenty she wrote a serious book on the feminist movement towards independence which her publishers took to be a satire. In any case, the book became a best-seller, was made into a film and, unusually enough, was followed by other best-sellers from the same pen. That not being sufficient, the authoress was given the editorship of an important magazine and soon after became a film-director on her own account. Money rolled in.

The family business of automobile manufacture, on the verge of bankruptcy apparently from no mechanical faults of its own, soon became one of the most successful businesses in Austria. In fact, the dear girl, instead of struggling up the ladder of fortune, with people treading on her hands in front and other people trying to pull her back from behind, as is the experience of most of us, gaily went from step to step upwards as easily as we go step by step downwards. Indeed, it is the story of anybody's day-dreams come true. And if you imagine that Love could not possibly get a look-in among so much good fortune, you have forgotten an integral part of these same day-dreams. In this case there was a man, a professor, just round the corner, who was one of those ideal

lovers who wait and wait for years and never dream of marrying anybody else. But until the end, neither he nor his love could get a hearing, because he was of those who believe that the proper place for a woman is in her own home. Well, give most women sufficient time and they will agree. The lucky heroine of this novel agreed in the end. So, you see, she got absolutely everything she wanted, when she most wanted it. It is very unreal, of course; but very pleasant to read when in the proper mood. Yet, alas! if a good many of the discussions in it concerning the relationship between the sexes are presumably inserted to keep your mind alert—they don't. In fact, they provide the strongest arguments for sleep. The rest, however, is nicely entertaining.

Other Tales for the Deck-chair.

Other new novels which simply cry aloud for the peace—under-a-tree are Mr. Cecil Roberts' "Victoria Four-Thirty" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) and Ronald Knox's "Double-Cross Purposes" (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.) and "Q's Mystery Stories" (Dent; 7s. 6d.), by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Each book in its different way will keep you interested for several lovely holiday afternoons. Mr. Roberts' new novel is one in the "Grand Hotel" tradition of stories. We are assembled at Victoria Station for a train leaving to catch connections with Vienna, Budapest, the Tyrol, Athens and Salonica. Perhaps, not unexpectedly, we are all rather "grand." There are, among others, a famous conductor, a once famous film "star" who has been expelled from Germany because of her Jewish grandmother, a honeymoon couple and various other interesting folk. The story follows each to his or her destination, there to unfold a tale-within-a-tale which is either tragic, pathetic, happy or completely amusing. It is all very well done. Briefly, a novel which never fails to provide entertainment.

"Double-Cross Purposes," however, is equally entertaining, though in a different manner. It is all about a problematical murder during a questionable treasure-hunt, played out against an authentic background of the Scottish Highlands. Miles Brandon and his wife hold, so to speak, an ever-watchful brief for justice amid incidents which follow one another in the strict sequence of one excitement to a greater one. It is all first-rate "thrill," and Father Knox can lend to a story such as this a quality which few others have got. The gift makes the story interesting for its own sake, quite apart from its excitement. "Q's Mystery Stories" is a collection of twenty tales collected by the author from his own stories, some of which have already appeared in print, but all of which are well worth reading again, even though you may have read some of them before. Mostly they have to do with something mysterious—a dream, an occult message, a strange, unexplained happening which has led to stranger results. Not one of these mystery tales fails to interest; each is totally different from the others, not only in setting and in theme. In fact, they make up a perfect holiday-book.



THE HON. MRS. DROGO MONTAGU AND HER DAUGHTER, JEANNE CAMPBELL

Mrs. Drogo Montagu's little girl is her daughter by her first husband, Mr. Ian Campbell, heir-presumptive to the Duke of Argyll. In 1935 she married the Hon. Drogo Montagu, the younger son of the Earl of Sandwich, and a son, William, arrived in 1936. Mrs. Montagu is Lord and Lady Beaverbrook's daughter, and the steed, Silver, she is riding is a cow-pony from California.

AMONG THE BIG "PICTURE" MAKERS



RANDOLPH SCOTT AND
FRED ASTAIRE



LANA TURNER, "SCHNOZZLE" DURANTE—
WITH JOKE—AND PHYLLIS FRASER



BRIAN AHERNE AND HEATHER
THATCHER



CHARLES AND MRS. ROGERS (MARY PICKFORD)
AND (CENTRE) SAM GOLDWYN



JOAN CRAWFORD AND BILLIE
BURKE



MRS. DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SEN.,
AND NORMA SHEARER

Photos: Hyman Fink

These are all off-duty snapshots of the Big Shots in the motion-picture world, and their value is that they are quite unposed. "Randy" Scott, that upstanding young Virginian the fans are so fond of, and Fred Astaire, owner of one of the biggest "fan mails" in the world, were taking a busman's holiday—at a picture theatre. "Schnozzle" Durante, who had just returned to Hollywood when he was shot, is obviously passing on one of his little pleasantries to the attractive people who are so kind as to be in the picture with him, and Brian Aherne is doing something pleasanter than charge with the Light Brigade—talking to Heather Thatcher. "Buddy" and Mary are obviously having something pleasant said to them about their recent marriage by Sam Goldwyn, mammoth producer. Joan Crawford, seen with our Billie Burke, widow of Florenz Ziegfeld, is in the new picture "The Bride Wore Red"—not "saw" red! Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks is the former Lady Ashley, and Norma Shearer, widow of Irving Thalberg, is to return to work in the film version of "Pride and Prejudice," Jane Austen's great book

CONCERNING GOLF : By HENRY LONGHURST

MASTER and pupil eventually cleaned up the two Championships in Germany, and very fit winners they were. Though he has had many lessons from Cotton, Harry Bentley's style does not reflect that of his teacher: it remains highly individual and rather artificial. Once again what pulled him through was his approaching and putting, that department of the game to which he owed his victory in the English Championship at Deal a year or two ago.

In putting, Bentley has a beetle-like crouch, and it is true to say of him, as of my distinguished colleague, Mr. Bernard Darwin, that the tighter the situation, the nearer to the neck does he hold his putter. Give him a yard putt to win the match on the last green, and he will hold it almost down by the socket. Still, it is highly effective, and I know a good many golfers, amateur and professional, who would willingly give a hundred pounds for his skill.

Harry's final opponent, Leonard von Beckerath, is, as they say in the racing world, "one to watch." Some may remember him as a robust, flaxen-haired boy who once came to play in our Boys' Championship. Now he is twenty, and stands about 6 ft. 2 in. At the moment, he is midway through his compulsory two years in the Army (what we have to be thankful for in this country!), and can play, practically speaking, no golf at all. There is a course at Munich, where he is stationed, but he says he is too tired in the evening to swing a club. For the Championship, and Germany's international match with Sweden that followed it, he was given three weeks' leave.

Not the least of Beckerath's assets is his ability to "take it." He is dogged to the last degree. I played him in the fifth round, and, dormy three down, managed by the grace of heaven to finish 3, 2, 3 and square the match. (Incidentally, it was a trifle hard to come home and find it reported that "Longhurst was three up, but then cracked." Still, it will teach me to be accurate about other people!) Anyway, this Beckerath never turned a hair, never even walked faster, and duly won on the twentieth. Then, against Bentley's avalanche of putts in the final, he never showed signs of wilting: three from the edge of the green twice was all that

could be chalked up against him in the way of mistakes, as he went serenely on his way, setting up the par figures only to find them useless.



GERMANY IN SCOTLAND

Here is a photograph taken at Gleneagles Hotel of H.E. Herr von Ribbentrop (right) walking to the golf-course with Herr Woermann, who has succeeded Prince Otto von Bismarck as Councillor of the German Embassy. The German Ambassador and Frau von Ribbentrop were by way of being in Perthshire incognito, but you know what cameras are!



A FEW MEMBERS OF THE PRESS CLUB GOLF CIRCLE

In giving his impression of fellow golfing pressmen our one and only "Mel"—J. B. Melhuish—has not spared his own face. A past Captain of the Press Club Golf Circle, he is to be found at the back on the extreme right of this group. The other component parts are (from the left) M. de J. Creswick, Hon. Sec., Hon. Treasurer, and past Captain; P. E. Verstone, past Captain; H. Randall, Frank Betts, Captain for 1937; J. T. Bolton, past Captain; Dodd Mehan, and Cecil Dye.

Last week I made some rather unfavourable comments on the Bad Ems course, which later association has caused me to revise. When we got there, it was a bad course. A day later the rain came at last, and it became not only improved, but a very good course indeed. I found myself agreeing with the Open Champion, who thinks it almost the best in Europe. It has what so many of our own courses no longer possess—an abundance of really good two-shot holes, the sort of holes where only a good drive and a good second find the green. Previously the unparalleled drought had made it impossible to stop the ball on the sloping fairways; directly the rain came, they were fine.

As to Cotton's 63, I can only describe it as ridiculous. I am not sure that an action would not lie against him for "bringing Bad Ems into contempt." Though he was genuinely on holiday, and at times even went so far as to show signs that he was actually enjoying life, he has never been in more tremendous form on the links. You will be amused to hear that he appeared in a new rôle a few days before the Championship, that of a trick-shot player. He out-Kirkwooded Kirkwood!

It all started from my requesting him to demonstrate pitch shots from 80 to 100 yards, which I was hitting off the shank. General Critchley went ahead to point out the distance, and Cotton flicked one with the greatest ease into his hands. After that he started putting such spin on them that they jumped out of the General's hands like hot cakes.

Then he proceeded to hit a couple like mine, out of the socket, then some on the top, then hooks, then slices—any kind of shot at will.

Finally they set up a shooting-stick twenty-seven paces away, and he fired at it with a No. 1 iron. Every one of his shots went about 180 yards, and none rose more than 3 feet.

With his seventeenth ball he hit the thing full in the stem (its diameter being perhaps $\frac{3}{4}$ in.) and knocked it clean out of the ground. That fellow can do anything with a golf-ball except make it talk!

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



SEAFORD HEAD GOLF CLUB—BY "MEL"

Seaford is the place for really enjoyable and interesting holiday golf in the friendliest of atmospheres because they make the stranger within their gates feel very much at home. In addition to this, the air is like good champagne, and everyone who has sampled it has found it difficult to keep his enthusiasm within bounds. The ground slopes from the famous Seaford Head, own brother of the more famous Seven Sisters, and carries on to the fringes of the village. The turf is typical of the Sussex Downs and is always in first-class condition, wet or fine, all the year round. The hazards are not unduly aggressive and the moderate player does not find much difficulty in avoiding trouble. The club-house is a gem of comfort

NEXT WEEK: HYTHE GOLF CLUB

AT DEAUVILLE AND ENVIRONS



MRS. SYLVIA CURTIS, FROM U.S.A., AND
M. GONDCHAUX, THE FRENCH OWNER



JAPANESE WELL-KNOWN: MICHIKO TANAKA,
SINGER, AND SESSUE HAYAKAWA, FILM STAR



MME. GEORGES LEVY WITH MME. HENRI
LETELLIER AND MME. BENARD



LORD AND LADY FURNESS IN THE
DEAUVILLE PADDOCK



IN FOULARD BEACH PYJAMAS:
MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL



LT.-COLONEL JOHN BENETT-STANFORD
AND MRS. SNEYD ABOARD "OCEANA"

Pictorial information from Deauville is still in full spate, and on this page we also include a photograph from nearby Trouville. That great character, Colonel John Benett-Stanford (see bottom right), has his topsail schooner, "Oceana," in Trouville harbour, and Colonel and Mrs. Ralph Sneyd, of Keele, as two of his guests. A member of White's and formerly in the Royals, Colonel Benett-Stanford is a Wiltshire landowner. Lord and Lady Furness, over for racing purposes, arrived at Deauville by their own 'plane, as usual; this time they came from Scotland. Departing visitors included Mrs. Archie Campbell, off to Hungary to join the "Laddie" Sanford's partridge-shooting party; also Michiko Tanaka, the singer, and her film-star compatriot, Sessue Hayakawa; the latter is due to be "shot" in Paris in "The Cheat," and the former has gone to sing at Salzburg. Mrs. Sylvia Curtis, one of the most popular Americans on the Continent, owns the lovely Palazzo Barberini in Venice. Mme. Henri LeTellier, her sister Mme. Benard, and Mme. Georges Levy, the well-known ski-er, are all Parisiennes



THE POPULAR CHÂTELAINE
OF LISMORE CASTLE, IN
THE COUNTY WATERFORD

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH

Peter North, Old Burlington Street

Two recent portraits of one of the most popular people in three countries—Ireland, England, and America. The former Adèle Astaire married the Duke of Devonshire's younger son in 1932 and then retired from a *milieu* of which she was so great an ornament—the stage and the film—and in which she and her brother, Fred Astaire, won such great renown. And now the gossip is that Lady Charles Cavendish has been persuaded to return and has been offered a big contract. The news is hardly surprising. Since her marriage she has lived more or less permanently at Lismore, in Ireland, and has taken to sport, particularly fishing, like, as may be said, a duck does to water, and has identified herself with a new environment, greatly to its profit. Lord Charles Cavendish is a subaltern in the Tank Corps (T.A.), and is an equally well-liked personality

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE SCOTLAND



SIR JAMES AND LADY WILSON AT
PERTHSHIRE SHEEP-DOG TRIALS



ALSO AT LENY PARK, CALLANDER: MR. AND MRS. HARRIS, MISS
FALCONAR-STEWART AND MAJOR AND MRS. FALCONAR-STEWART



LORD AND LADY FORESTER ALL SET FOR GROUSE



LORD AND LADY MOUNTGARRET SHARE A JEST

Scotland being now the home-from-home of so many celebrities, the way of the world up North naturally continues to concern our conscientious cameras. Having produced a perfect day for the Twelfth, Perthshire weather was in damping mood when the West Perthshire Sheep-dog Trials were held at Leny Park, Callander, two days later. But crowds rolled up and subsequently clouds rolled by. Sir James Wilson, Laird of Inver-trossachs, and Lady Wilson had only a short distance to motor, Callander being their post town. Mr. and Mrs. Harris, over from Kinnakert-Gleneagles, are neighbours of Major and Mrs. Cyril Falconar-Stewart and their only daughter, whose home is Feddal, near Braco. Major Falconar-Stewart, late the Royal Scots, is a member of the Royal Company of Archers. The bottom photographs, taken in Glen Moye, Angus, show four guests of Sir Gifford and the Hon. Lady Fox, Lord Airliie's grouse-shooting tenants this year. Major Lord Forester, who married the late Sir Herbert Perrott's daughter six years ago, is second in command of the Blues. He has very good covert-shooting at his Shropshire place Willey Park. The 16th Viscount Mountgarret is a Yorkshireman and married a Yorkshire girl, the former Miss Eglantine Christie

IN LOVELY WICKLOW



JOCKEYS ALL AT LUGGALA: THE HON. BRIGID AND THE HON. JUDY BROWNE, THE HON. PATRICIA BROWNE, AND LADY CAROLINE BLACKWOOD (ESCORT UNNAMED)



Pool, Dublin
GUNS FOR THE GROUSE-SHOOT: CAPTAIN W. R. STARKEY, MR. MAURICE RICHARDSON, LORD ORANMORE AND BROWNE, AND MAJOR SIR EDMOND HODSON

Luggala, where all these gay pictures were taken, is one of the most beautiful places in the Wicklow mountains, and the Hon. Ernest Guinness has just made a present of it to his daughter, Lady Oranmore and Browne, the former Oonagh Guinness. Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne had their first party there for the opening of the grouse-shooting. Lady Oranmore and Browne is seen with her children by her first marriage to Mr. Philip Kindersley, and they and Lord Oranmore and Browne's children have been having the height of a fine time in this mountain paradise. Both Captain Starkey and Sir Edmond Hodson, whose estate, Holybrooke, is next door to Luggala, are Rifle Brigade.



LADY ORANMORE AND BROWNE AND GAY AND TESSA KINDERSLEY



LOUGH TAY DENIZENS: THE HON. DOMINICK, THE HON. JUDY, THE HON. PATRICIA BROWNE, GAY AND TESSA KINDERSLEY, AND THE HON. MARTIN BROWNE

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

Casino Follies



IF a man did himself proud at two cocktail-parties, dined well at the London Casino (as he certainly would), and then slipped into a doze at a table near the stage, he might easily wake up and think he was seeing things. He would see, for instance, a dear little Persian Lamb, disguised as a pronouncedly female girl, scampering towards him on all twos, with a dinky muff hiding its fore and three small tails sprouting from its aft. Or he might believe himself to be dreaming a weird dream about phantasms at the bottom of the sea: a sea-horse with a *belle poitrine* sedately swimming through anemones and phosphorescence; an octopus clutching with a dozen luscious legs, and as many white arms, at a handsome negro; a nymph rising in the nude from an oyster-shell to reveal her

Or he might think he was back in the London Pavilion before it went movie, watching the finale to a Cochran revue. Each of half-a-dozen items in *Nuits de Folies*, the new show that brightens your supper or dinner in the London Casino, is impressive enough to serve as a Cochran climax. And since its producers hail from Paris and the Folies Bergère, there is no shortage of the following: fine female contours, splendid furs and (especially) feathers, harem hours, tootsies and toe-tappers, hip-swingers, *danseuses du ventre*, lovelies in everything between nothing and what would be modish in the paradise of a Cecil de Millionaire, wondrous dresses, stupendous scenery, tremendous patterns of movement. Apart from filling a big restaurant-theatre twice nightly in its own right, it must be a godsend to the trades related to what the programme calls "*Au Bonheur*

SEA-HORSE OF SORTS
AND OCTOPUS OF MANY
PARTS(BELOW) AMBASSADRESSES
EXTRAORDINAIRES: KAY
YOUNG, PEGGY BRYERGOLLIWOG STUFF
BY THE LIME TRIOLINGERIE OF
YESTERYEAR

des Dames." After that parade of frolic furs, I shall always have a *béguin* for Persian Lamb; and after the parade of perfumes I shall give a present of *Tabac Blond*, so as to discover whether it is as provocative as the Casino's young woman makes it seem (even good old *Quelques Fleurs*, beloved of English matrons, has a disturbing tang in this cavalcade of scents).

It is all very alluring, not to say overwhelming. It would allure as much, and not overwhelm, if they cut some of the spectacle (preferably the feathered parts) and added to the "Specialities," or variety turns, provided that others as clever could be found. Rolf Holbein, a slick draughtsman in chalks, does magical things on a blackboard that can extend his sketches, as required, into liquid beer and water or solid song-birds, cigars, and squalling babies. The Rhoenrad Troupe, inside their vast wheels, rotate like graceful dervishes. The Maxellos use deft feet and incredible agility in rolling each other (and such brave members of the audience as they can cajole to the stage) around like teetotums. The Lime Trio have a golliwog act that for clockwork humour beats anything in the Russian Ballet's *Boutique Fantastique*. The solo dancers include Betty Bruce, quick as quicksilver and beautiful as the Flower of Mexico that gives her turn its name, and Feral Bengo, who achieves poetic slow-motion as the negro diver on the ocean-floor. Best and liveliest of all is a colossal Can-Can that seems

to assemble all the can-cans of yesteryear into a tornado of high kicks and agitated lingerie. Mlles. Betty Brite, Florence Spencer and Iris Wayne, in this can-can to end can-cans, do agilities which would have cracked the joints of Nini-Patten-l'Air and the rest of the old-time sisterhood in Montmartre; and goodness knows how many suspenders must snap when it ends with half the Entire Company falling into massed splits. Also present are a pair of big, bold bands, one of them conducted by Debroy Somers.

A. B. TOM TITI



MARCEL CHANTAL

A success for the camera artist with the pretty French actress of stage and screen, taken in one of the scenes in the French film "La Porte du Large".

Written from "The Farm."

TRES CHER.—Since the illustrated daily Press continues to bring us thrilling photographs of the glories of the *Exposition*, we are obliged to remember that Paris exists, but on the remote and tranquil shores of this Island it becomes a strained effort of imagination. I am not alone in my love of Noirmoutier; there are quite a few of us, hard-boiled Parisians, down here who share the same love, and how we keep-ourselves-to-ourselves, dearie! Of course, these are the early days of our vacation. Towards the end of August we shall drop in on each other more frequently; by the first week of September we shall be living on each other's beaches, and by the middle of October we shall be greeting each other at the first first-night of the autumn season with surprise and embarrassment, since, at time of writing, we have all vowed that nothing will get us back to town before November. This Island consists, as islands do, of innumerable beaches. Sand beaches, rocky beaches, beaches edged with pine-woods, and beaches where the houses, at high tide, are splashed by the waves. Facing the Continent the sea is like a lake, but on the "other side" one gets the full blast of wind and wave from the Atlantic. The sheltered side is, of course, the visitors' side, where the hotels and "posh" villas are. There is also the main beach. The picture-postcard, ice-cream stall, souvenir shop, shooting gallery, photographer's booth and excursion-steamer-pier beach. From my point of view, the least said about this the better, but it has great attraction for the village folk on Sundays, and the trippers rarely stray from it, since it is there that they find all they have come for. A few exceptional souls venture inland to visit the castle, an old *château-fort* dating in parts (parts that are mostly found in piles within the moat) from the tenth century, and, occasionally, they get as far as the

Priscilla in Paris

Abbey, where the monk Philibert founded a monastery and taught his satellites to cultivate salt. Does one say "cultivate" or "gather"? When one sees the process, "skim" seems to be the best word. In the shadow of the castle is the principal village of the Island, complete with Town Hall, Justice of the Peace, tax-collector, *Gendarmerie*, post-office, chemist, doctor, and bank-that-is-open-once-a-week! There is also the local Fortnum and Mason—more mason than anything else; he dabbles in everything, from groceries to coal and from salt to shipping. He also runs one of the hotels—which is all for his own best. What he can't sell in his shop and what his living-in employees won't eat, he serves at the hotel! 'Nuff sed! Have I mentioned the Snobs' Beach, where the bridge- and tennis-playing cliques have their villas (rented for the season or otherwise!), and where a few small yachts are moored? Very swish! They visit me because my tennis court has the best "sittivation" on the Island, but I don't visit them, because the sight of a card-table gives me qualms of nausea. They think I'm crazy. I think they're mad, and so we're all happy!

Then, scattered about, are the rest of us. The Robert Kemps have a wonderful windmill on the Atlantic coast that has been converted into a most charming dwelling. Robert, who is, amongst other interesting things, dramatic critic to *Le Temps*, does his writing in the seclusion of the top floor of the mill, and then descends to his friends, to his pretty wife, and to drinks that are long and cool, with the joy of a schoolboy who has finished his impot. At the

Herbaudière — the harbour where the sardine-boats put in—Harry Baur, the actor, has a house. He has also a Turkish wife, some Skyes, and a hot temper, bless him! Cosmopolitan—very! You have often seen him on the screen in London. He is off to Hollywood, induced by many millions, to see how he likes it. If he doesn't, he comes home at the end of six months (I give him three), with less millions than if he stayed, but with enough to make you or me happy. With Harry nowadays, it's always a case of tails he wins, heads the other fellow loses. Ah, well, he had a hard start, so why not make the most of having "arrived"!

At some made-over stables, in the midst of a mimosa grove, lives Raymond Genty, the poet (who is also house-manager of the Odéon Theatre), with his wife and three handsome boys. A short toddle along the coast, on the dunes that border the wood, there is my old Farm, of which I have bumbled sufficiently already. Another bit-along, and slightly inland, there is Frantz of the Grand Opera, his tall, statuesque wife and their blonde and bouncing brat, Francine! Over at the Elaux one finds Madeleine Grovez, the pianist, who is a welcome newcomer to the Island Colony of People-who-do-things. We have also an eminent surgeon, Dr. Denet, and a semi-politician in M. Carrier, the Secretary of the Chamber of Deputies. I say "semi," because Governments go and Governments come, but he goes on for ever! I find that I have come to the end of my space before reaching the end of my list, and this is really rather convenient!

PRISCILLA.



MARYSA COBIAN, A YOUNG SPANISH DANCER

Marysa Cobian, from that much-troubled land, Spain, has attracted a certain amount of notice from the Parisian critics, and it is evident that she has been greatly inspired by the unforgettable Argentina

newcomer to the Island Colony of People-who-do-things. We have also an eminent surgeon, Dr. Denet, and a semi-politician in M. Carrier, the Secretary of the Chamber of Deputies. I say "semi," because Governments go and Governments come, but he goes on for ever! I find that I have come to the end of my space before reaching the end of my list, and this is really rather convenient!

IN THE ENGADINE



LORD AND LADY QUEENSBERRY
DRESSED FOR SUMMER SPORTS



MISS SOAMES, MISS DE MOLEYNs,
AND BARON FEILITZUCH



THE DUCHESSA DI SERMONETA WITH
THE CONTESSA NICOLAS DI SANGRO



LADY ANNE FUMMI AT SAMADEN



SIR KENNETH AND LADY GOADBY



THE CONTE NICOLAS DI SANGRO

While every other person is on ski-ing terms with the Engadine, its summer delights have only received their true measure of appreciation comparatively lately, and they are still a revelation to many. Lord Queensberry and his artist-wife were staying at the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, but they have now moved on to Monte Carlo *via* the Italian Lakes. The Duchesa di Sermoneta and the Contessa Nicolas di Sangro were photographed on the golf-course at Samaden, which is a few miles north of St. Moritz. They had been lunching with Mr. and Lady Anne Fummi, the Duchesa having come over from her villa on Lake Como for the day. A golf competition was in progress and lookers-on could watch Lord and Lady Crawford's daughter, or the Duca di Sangro's kinsman, or Sir Kenneth and Lady Goadby all doing their best to win a silver cup. Sir Kenneth Goadby is a member of the Medical Advisory Committee, Ministry of Mines, and also holds a Home Office post of importance. Baron Feilitzoch comes from Hungary, and Miss de Moleyns, seen in the picture with him and Miss Corise Soames, is a cousin of Lord Ventry.

PICTORIAL RE-ECHO OF IRISH FESTIVITIES



LORD ANNESLEY AND LADY ELIZABETH
TOWNSHEND AT LORD IVEAGH'S HOUSE



AT THE LOUTH HUNT BALL:
LORD AND LADY KILDARE



AT THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' BALL:
MR. BARRY LILLIS AND MISS LLOYD THOMAS



THE HON. MRS. TRISTRAM MASSEY
AND CAPTAIN R. A. B. FILGATE, M.F.H.



LT.-COLONEL THE HON. EDWARD
AND MRS. CORBALLY-STOURTON



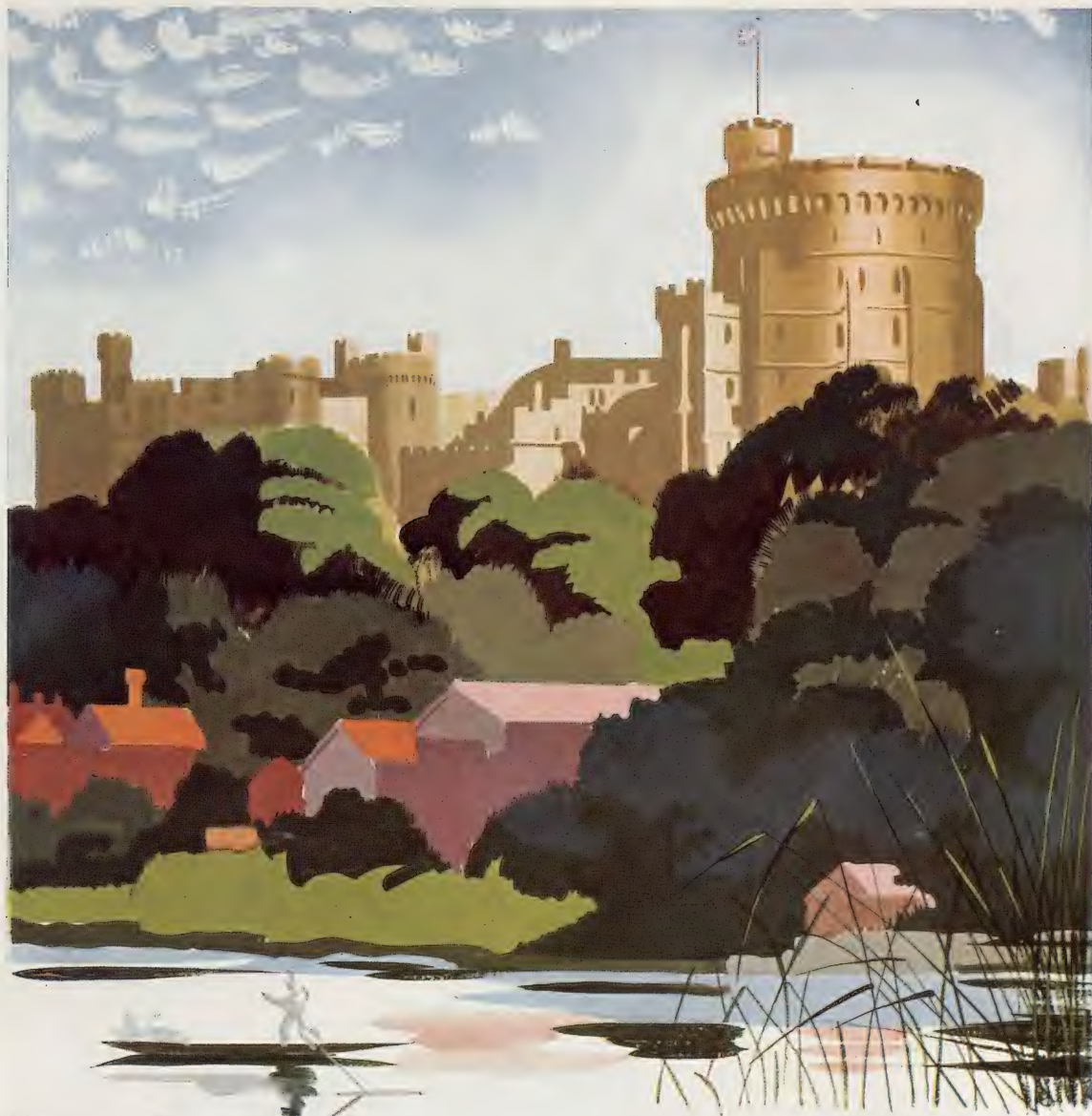
ON LEFT: MR. H. L. COTTRILL AND THE
HON. EDWARD AND MRS. GREENALL



LADY CONYNGHAM, LORD CONYNGHAM, AND HIS SISTER,
LADY HOLMPATRICK, AT THE LOUTH HUNT BALL

Poole: Dublin

Ireland's Horse Show week of 1937 was such an outstanding good one that its various festivities still linger pleasantly in many memories. Among charity affairs, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Ball, for which Lord Iveagh lent his house in Stephens Green, gained full marks. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Corbally-Stourton was a splendid hon. secretary, and her husband aided and abetted gallantly; they are deservedly one of County Meath's most popular couples. Those present included Lord Annesley, Lady Elizabeth Townshend, who is Lord Townshend's sister, Mr. Barry Lillis, son of a noted Irish polo player, the late Mr. Frank Lillis, and Miss Pamela Lloyd Thomas, niece of Lord Bellew and daughter of the owner of this year's Grand National winner. The Louth Hunt Ball, held at the Gresham Hotel, is the other event with which this page is concerned. Captain R. A. B. Filgate has been Master of the Louth since 1916, taking over on the death of his father-in-law, who had them for fifty-six seasons; Captain Filgate also took his father-in-law's name in lieu of his own name of Henry. The Hon. "Toby" and Mrs. Greenall from the Belvoir, and Mr. Harry Cottrell, the Lambourn trainer, were English patrons of this party. Lord and Lady Conyngham were family guests of Lord and Lady Holmpatrick for Horse Show Week. Lord Kildare is Joint Master of the North Kilkenny



FAMOUS FORTS

WINDSOR CASTLE

Though the Saxon Kings had a residence at Windsor, the present Castle was begun as a fortress by William the Conqueror on the site now occupied by The Famous Round Tower

Of all the mediaeval strongholds, none retains its pristine splendour so well as the royal residence at Windsor. By apt analogy DUNLOP, the first practical pneumatic tyre for the comfort and protection of wheeled transport, still holds in the new DUNLOP Fort, the premier place for safety, length of service and economical upkeep.

The New **DUNLOP**



Fort

C.F.H.



VALSE T

by
MRS. N. J.



RISTE

UART

ABDULLAS

*are available
in Great Britain
at quite
reasonable prices*

The Famous No. 11 Turkish
3/- for 25

Also Salisbury Turkish
20 for 1/-



A MINISTERING ANGEL: FRANÇOIS

The Vicar's wife arrived in Town
With locks of lank and mousey brown,
Confronted by a henna-rinse
The simple lady did not wince,
And though her conscience gave a squirm
She fell for a deceitful perm.

When every hair was clamped upright
She thought of home and wept from fright,
"The Women's Institute will say
I've turned the village mothers gay!" . . .
But François with Abdulla's Best
Laid all parochial qualms to rest.

F. R. HOLMES.

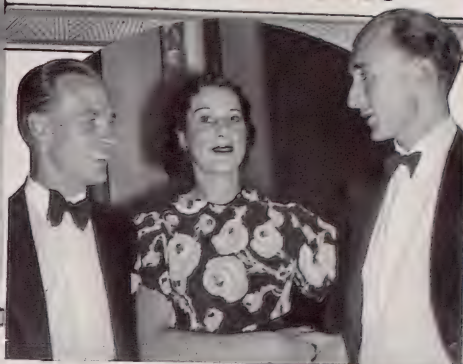
Abdulla Superb Cigarettes

are exported from London to more than 100 countries

THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE AT MONTE CARLO



LORD AND LADY DOVERDALE
DINE À DEUX



MR. DESMOND LOCKHART-MUMMERY, MISS
MONICA DRUMMOND AND MR. MARK ARMSTRONG



LADY INVERCLYDE ("JUNE") AND HER
FIANCÉ, MR. E. HILLMAN



M. AND MME. JACQUES WITTOUCK,
OF RACING FAME



RECENT ARRIVALS: LORD CAMROSE AND
HIS DAUGHTER, LADY BIRKENHEAD



CAPTAIN GRAY HORTON AND
MRS. PHILIP DE LÁSZLÓ



LADY MILFORD HAVEN
AND MR. JAMES DONAHUE



CAPTAIN THE HON. RICHARD NORTON
AND THE HON. KAY NORTON

A good deal of the world and his wife are doing their best thoroughly to keep up the holiday spirit at that most alluring spot, Monte Carlo, and here are a few that the camera's fluttering shutter has managed to collect for us, including some of the most recent arrivals, Lord Camrose, his second daughter, and other units of the yacht "Sonia's" company. Lord Camrose, as the world knows, has recently enlarged his journalistic enterprises. Lord Doverdale and his wife, in a most attractive dark blue diamanté dress, were dining at the Beach Casino, and Miss Monica Drummond, youngest daughter of the Hon. Maurice, and her two friends were at another gay spot. "June" is with her new fiancé, and they seem to be well pleased with life. Mme. Jacques Wittouck is justly rated one of the best-dressed and most attractive women on the Blue Coast, and her jewels are things to dream about. He is a very well-known Belgian racing owner. Captain Gray Horton, formerly Scots Guards, is with the daughter-in-law of the renowned artist. Lady Milford Haven is with a cousin of the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow, the former Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, and Captain the Hon. Richard Norton, Lord Grantley's son and heir, is with his youngest sister



Truman Howell

THE 24th (SOUTH WALES BORDERERS) CRICKET WEEK

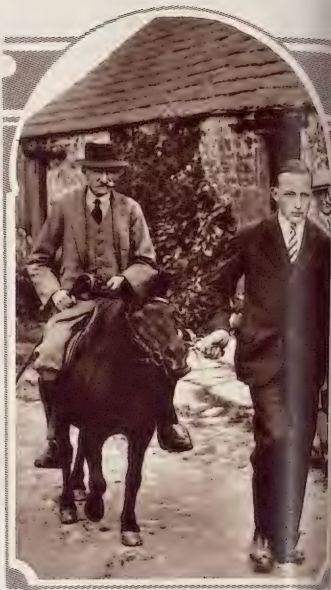
The 24th, whose name was made glorious for all time by the gallant action at Isandlwana, opened their cricket week at the Depot at Brecon with a drawn battle v. Commander C. E. Evan-Thomas's side. Above is the 24th team

The names are (seated; l. to r.): W. A. G. Howell, Capt. D. Welch, Capt. G. B. Sugden, Major O. M. Wales, and Lieut. J. Duncan; (in rear) umpire, Mr. E. J. B. Egerton, W. E. Shelton, D. Ronan, H. Thrush, J. O'Gorman, R. H. W. Fowler, and umpire

THE meanest trick these recent cloudbursts have played on anyone was when they flooded the cells at one of our police courts. The last thing that the inmates wanted was water.

Mr. Kenneth Rankin's recent most amusing broadcast on "What a Fool I Felt," all about how unkind people sometimes are to you when calamity overtakes you, makes me wish that I had met him before he spoke, because I might have been able to give him a bit more ammunition. It was this way: in the times when I was young, foolish and entirely reckless I had some dealings with a man named "Ananias" Smith, a trainer of jumping horses. He said: "The Captin [one of his abominable and quite unmoral patrons] says could you ride 'is old mare Mousey a school over 'urdles to-morrow morning? I'll 'ave something to

walking our horses back after competing in the first 'chase. Well, when we were going into the ditch I thought Dolly meant to cut it, so stupidly I belted her good and hearty. She promptly started jumping one stride too soon—and you know how it is sometimes. I did not start at the same moment and got to the other side first. I had not quite come round by the time the gay field swept over this obstacle for the second time. When I got back to the paddock, a nasty "professor" with whom I had had a few words in the previous race about his having tried to ride me through the wings of an obstacle, said: "I'd 'ave 'ad to laugh, even if you'd broke your bleedin' neck!"



Forbes

LORD STRATHMORE ON "THE TWELFTH"

It was this shoot at Hayston Hall, near Glamis, that their Majesties attended during their recent visit. The Queen is Lord Strathmore's daughter



SPENDING THE TWELFTH ON SHAP FELS

Lord Lonsdale's famous Cumberland moor was shot over on the opening day of the grouse season by his nephew, Colonel Anthony Lowther, and eight other guns. The weather was perfect, birds came well and feminine onlookers were kept busy marking

Included in the back row here are the Hon. Oliver Stanley, Lord Londonderry, Colonel Anthony Lowther (fourth from the left), Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson, and Mr. Michael Stanley, son of the President of the Board of Trade. In front are included Sir John Singleton (with Labrador), Lord Castlereagh, son of Lord Londonderry, Miss Faudel Phillips, and Mrs. Lowther (extreme right)

I have received the following letter from Miss Irene Hubbard on the subject of a recent note on the Field Sports Society's Annual:

"With reference to your remarks upon field sports in your issue of the 21st of this month [July], may I point out that the opposition to hunting in all its forms comes less from the 'cranks' than from the more thoughtful and intelligent members of the cultured middle class. These will never be won over to the 'sportsman's' point of view by arguments which are illogical and, to anyone who has knowledge of actual conditions in the world to-day, untrue.

"The argument that because 'everything kills everything else' in the animal world, men should kill foxes in a



Poole, Dublin

AT THE POLO IN DUBLIN

Miss Patricia Kennedy and Mr. Victor McCalmont, son of Major Dermot McCalmont, M.F.H., watching the Hurlingham team beat All Ireland. Miss Kennedy's sister is to marry Lord Jocelyn in October

By "SABRETACHE"



LORD AND LADY TENNYSON AT THE FRESHWATER FLOWER SHOW

The above snapshot of the ex-All-England cricket captain and his wife, the former Mrs. Donner, of Chicago, was taken at their house, Farrington, Isle of Wight

dentally and *ipso facto* proving their and substitute the drag for the living animal. this they lay themselves open to



Pool, Dublin

ALSO AT THE POLO IN DUBLIN
Mr. Edric Nutting and Miss Susan Heathcote. Mr. Nutting, who plays polo and goes very well to hounds, is the younger son of the famous Quorn Master, Sir Harold Nutting

particular way is even more illogical than saying that because animals follow their instincts blindly, men should copy them in that respect. Again, that the fox is killed in a more humane manner than that in which animals are killed for food is no argument for killing the fox in that manner. It might be possible—in fact, it is possible—to kill unwanted foxes in a perfectly humane manner—i.e., by means of cyano gas injected into their earths. That some suffering exists is no argument for inflicting more. As well say that because all operations cannot take place under anaesthesia, the use of anaesthetics should be discontinued.

"Again, it is obviously untrue that a fox's death is less painful than the death of an animal killed after being instantaneously stunned by a humane-killer. The humane-killer is widely used in slaughter-houses to-day. A fox is hunted to the point of exhaustion. It may be true—I hope it is—that at that point suffering ceases. But acute suffering must be undergone before the point is reached.

"All the opposition that 'sportsmen' complain of would vanish in a night if they would do the obvious thing (incidentally to the title of 'sportsmen') to the charge they level against the animals—that they kill for love of killing, a charge to which no English gentleman should wish to be exposed."

It is only just to let everyone have his or her say, and I suppose that this subject is one upon which the opposing camps will never see eye to eye. Even if you stop one form of hunting, you will never stop others unless you have some magic for altering the whole of creation. Everything always has hunted everything else, whether for food or for the sheer love of hunting. Why does a puppy chase a duck he has no desire to eat? For the same reason that he



Truman Howell

COMMANDER C. E. EVAN-THOMAS'S XI. v. THE 24th REGIMENT

The match was the opening contest at the 24th's cricket week at Brecon, and they had just the right kind of cricket weather for it. It ended in a draw. (For the other team, see opposite page) The names in the picture are (seated): L. E. C. Davies, Commander R. Onslow, Commander C. E. Evan-Thomas, H. H. Caccia, and O. Adams; (in rear) Umpire, J. D. Gibson-Watt, M. Gibson-Watt, J. Wilson, J. Singleton, M. Singleton, T. Singleton, and umpire

will run after a ball! I doubt whether our correspondent's suggestion for destroying foxes by cyano gas is a good idea. It is an extremely painful death, according to a medical adviser! I have not tried it myself. As to being hurt when your blood is hot, I can speak. You do not feel it. I have broken quite a lot of bones.

As to a drag instead of a fox, I think I am with Miss Hubbard up to a point, for half the people who go out fox-hunting don't know or care what hounds have in front of them, or anything about the battle of wits that is going on between Charles James and the huntsman. And, incidentally, it is a battle the fox wins far oftener than the huntsman, because he is a past-master in the art of venery. All that the average person goes out hunting for is to bump over the fences and pound his best friend. These coves neither know nor care anything about the science of Venery. It is just the same where the man who likes salmon or trout is concerned. He doesn't know a thing about the art of the fisherman!



AT SIR ROBERT GRANT'S MORAYSHIRE SHOOT: A SNAPSHOT TAKEN AT HALF-TIME
Sir Robert Grant, of Logie, who recently succeeded to the title, shot over the Logie Moors, near Dunphail, Morayshire

Included in the picture are Sir Robert Grant, Lord and Lady Wigram (on the right, in front), the Hon. Anne, the Hon. Francis and the Hon. Neville Wigram, their children; Mr. and Mrs. Hector Laing, and their sons, Sandy, Robin and Hector; Mrs. Arthur Laing and Masters J. and L. Fraser



"THREE CHEERS FOR TOMMY KIRKWOOD!"

The Hurlingham team, which carried all before it in the recent Irish campaign, giving three cheers for Major T. W. Kirkwood (right), secretary of the All-Ireland Polo Club. The Hurlingham team (l. to r.): Major J. C. Campbell, Major T. Arnott, Captain Todd, and Captain B. J. Fowler

ASOLDIER correspondent, whose letter can only be produced in what we were taught when at school to call *oratio obliqua*, because no serving soldier is allowed to write to the papers, has been so kind as to back up my suggestion that we might confidently challenge the American Army for that Inter-Army Cup for which we have been beaten upon each occasion it has been contested. My correspondent, whose rank and experience his name would display, if publishable, says that of course I am right about the quality of the material available in the various units of the British Army at present in England, and that we have unquestionably the class which would test even the best the American Army could produce. So far we sing in unison. There is, however, a "but," and a pretty big one, if my correspondent is right; for he says that, if I think that at the present moment such an enterprise would be aided financially by the War Office, or even viewed with any favour, I am trying to throw my hat over a windmill. I have no answer! My correspondent is naturally in a much better position to know than I can be. I am fully aware that things on wheels are of far more interest to the Powers-as-Be than things on four legs.

As the name of my friendly correspondent will not pass my lips under any circumstances, there is no harm in giving an indication of some of the reasons why he does not think that there would be any enthusiasm in high places for letting the soldier have any fun. They are so busy talking about re-arming and re-equipping our very under-strength land forces, that they have no time for considering whether all work and no play may not have the same effect on the soldier as it is popularly supposed to have upon "Jack." I suppose this must be true when one hears of "vehicles" which ought to be up-to-date ones, being of the "Harry Tate" brand, and of battalions being lent a few of



THE CASTLEKNOCK TEAM IN DUBLIN

This team won the Nelson Cup, beating the Cavaliers 5 to 2, during the recent polo week in Dublin. The names (l. to r.) are: Mr. L. Martin, Mr. Andrew Levins-Moore, whose father used to be Master of the Ward; Mr. P. McCann, and Mr. Tom Hilder, an ex-Master of the Blazers

Poole, Dublin

POLO NOTES By "SERREFILE"

the new machine-guns to play with on manœuvres, because we have not even set up the plant for their production. If they are so busy preparing to be busy, and talking such a lot about how busy they will be when they have got time to be busy, I can quite readily understand that anyone who dared to talk about a bit of play would get a very sour look, to put it no higher. As, however, I am not afraid of either sour looks or bad words, I say that it is a wrong line to ride, and that the soldier should be given every possible chance to play, and that polo is a game that should be included in his relaxations, because, principally, it is a useful training for one particular form of warfare. We shall find out a bit too late that it has been a cardinal error to eliminate the war-horse and turn the highly-skilled warrior who rode him into a chauffeur. It will not be so easy to turn the chauffeur back into a cavalry soldier. One very warlike nation, with which I have been in recent contact, is quite certain that "mechanisation" is a thing that has been carried too far already.

However, this, perhaps, is not in this particular pond, and it is my correspondent's fault if I have run "ryote." I am only certain of one thing, and it is this: that over-mechanisation is no "hare." Ask any German officer of any standing. To hark back to the letter, my correspondent says that: "If we could not pick a corking-good side, and a young enough one at that, out of these names, we should not deserve to win—young Guinness, 'Frizzy' Fowler, 'Looney' Hinde, Charles Gairdner, David Dawnay, 'Chicken' Walford, R. L. McCreery of the 12th, Errol

Prior-Palmer, young Horsburgh-Porter, Evelyn Fanshawe, if we had not already got so much good back-end, and the Hibbert lad, The Bays' No. 1, if specially groomed." The words are my correspondent's, not mine; as I only call people by their pet names when I know them better than I know myself. It is all true, anyhow. Finance, however, as my friend believes, is a stopper, because the W.O. won't, the Army Polo Association is not rich enough, and the individual could not look at it. It is a pity, and I wish it could be otherwise, because we have got the stuff.

"An Introduction to Umpiring" (Revised 1937): Including The Hurlingham Club Rules of Polo, by "Marco," has been issued by the Royal Naval Polo Association, and is priced at a shilling to the general public. It is not extraordinarily difficult to put a surname to "Marco," who is also the author of one of the best and most practical modern books on polo—"An Introduction to Polo"; and in this little brochure he is equally enlightening and helpful. With this book the future (and present) umpire is given a little card in a celluloid case which tells him at a glance what are the appropriate penalties for every possible breach of the rules, and also the number of the Field Rule by which he can back up his decision. Many umpires know all this off by heart, but some do not. This book is going to save every umpire, highly skilled or otherwise, a lot of trouble, and give him a vast amount of instruction in nutshell form.

when
"holding on"
for
a
vitally
important
call . . .



have you ever noticed
what
a
comfort
a cigarette
can
be . . .



and
how
it helps you
tremendously
to keep
that
essential
grip on yourself?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.



DIXIE DUNBAR IN THE "SING AND BE HAPPY" FILM

This joyous young lady is one of Twentieth Century-Fox Films players, and is to be seen next in a film which is called "Sing and Be Happy." Dixie Dunbar looks as if she could do both without any trouble

THE film critic was disgusted by the performance of the film actor playing the chief rôle. In his review he wrote: "His idea of how a he-man should be played was to throw his chest three inches and follow it slowly across the screen."

"Do you know," said the actor, who happened to think himself rather wonderful, "that in some provincial theatres the arrangements and construction are absurdly old-fashioned. The other night, for instance, I was playing Hamlet, at a Midland town when there was an alarm of fire, and it took a tremendous time for the audience to pass through the doors."

"The poor fellow was lame, I suppose," was the reply.

"Have you anything to say before sentence is passed on you?"

"Only this, your worship: it takes very, very little to please me."

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

A boy was asked to paraphrase the sentence, "He had a decided literary bent."

The result handed up was: "He was very round-shouldered through excessive writing."

AFTER opening the village fête, the bishop was persuaded to take his stand at the wicket in the cricket match which followed. For the first ball the bowler, a young curate, bowled a fearful "wide."

"I suggest," remarked the bishop, "that you try to keep the ball in the parish."

The next ball broke short and caught the batsman fairly and squarely in the stomach.

"At any rate," murmured the bowler, "that one was well within the diocese, my Lord."

THE bar had just been opened, and the clank of the bolts being withdrawn had barely ceased to sound when the first customer hurried in. Draping himself over the counter, he huskily murmured:

"Same again, please, miss."

THE little girl was showing a visitor over her father's farm.

The child had a cow which was called her very own.

"And does your nice little cow give milk?" asked the visitor.

"Well, not exactly," replied the little girl, "you've sort of got to take it away from her."

THE squire was playing cricket for the village eleven. It was a breezy day, and the fast bowler with the wind behind his back was almost unplayable.

He sent down one ball to the squire which just grazed the

bail and carried it away.

The batsman, with great sangfroid, stayed in his crease, and, picking up the fallen bail, remarked threateningly to the umpire: "Devilish windy, to-day, George."

The umpire replied grimly: "Yes, sir, it is. But I'm not. And you're out."

AN old American farmer was seeing a movie for the first time. He sat through the feature without displaying much interest. Then one of those footling comedies came on. Across the screen dashed a bevy of girls. They crossed the railway track, arrived at the swimming pool and began to disrobe for a plunge. They had taken off shoes, stockings, skirts and were beginning to remove their lingerie when a passing goods train sped across the screen and obscured the view. When it had passed the girls were gambolling in the water.

The old farmer sat through the show again and again. At last an usher came up to him.

"Aren't you ever going home?" he asked.

"Oh, not for a bit yet," answered the farmer. "One of these times that train's goin' to be late."



GLORIA AND BARBARA BREWSTER

Two more of the many attractive players who serve under the banner of Twentieth Century-Fox Films. The mirror, of course, is only camouflage to invite you to believe that there cannot be two such lovely beings in the world. They are twins, and London is going to see them more or less shortly in a new American musical, "Wake Up and Live," which goes to the Gaumont as soon as there is room. There are so many so-called twins, that it seems to be desirable to emphasise that 'these young women' really are as described.

They are more or less, new comers to the picture world

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MR. AND MRS. E. D. ANDREWS
AT BADEN-BADEN

A sunny snapshot of the Davis Cup and Wimbledon lawn tennis International and his wife, who was formerly Miss Yoma Watson, of Boldrewood, Sunningdale. They were married last March and are now on a motor tour on the Continent, *en route via* Germany to the Dolomites

equipment of sporting facilities, plus an admirable indoor recreation hall where a first-class band played for many hours of the day and evening. But during my visit, the largest crowd I came upon was centred round the tennis court, where the final of the weekly tournaments was in progress.

Before I say something about the actual play itself, I feel it is worth while stressing the point that in a camp of 4000 people, whose main sporting interests one would imagine would consist entirely of playing football, watching football, and killing time in the summer putting a bob here and there on a stable tip, there should be hundreds and hundreds of young men ready to sacrifice an afternoon on the promenade or in the sea watching two tennis players, who were probably strangers to them, playing what even to my rabbit-esque eyes seemed little better than pat-ball. But watching they were, with enthralled interest; and one of my companions—who for the rest of the year is a miner in the Bentley mines—asked me eagerly to point out what was good and what was bad about the two finalists' play, so that he might improve his own game thereby. He gave me a tip, by the way, for the St. Leger. "Back Perifox," he said. Who knows? Perhaps there is more ultimate truth in what I suggested in return. For it was not difficult to perceive where the players' game cried out for correction and improvement. Their services, for instance. Both the lads had quite a fast, high-kicking first delivery; but when that failed to come into court, they skylarked their second service in a way that cried out for slaughter. Now, it stands to reason—or, rather, it is proved by the law of averages—that the margin of error in first services is a very large one. Which meant that for every ace the boys served, they also put into court a dozen dummies. A pity. Better, surely,

LAWN TENNIS :: "RABBIT"

I HAPPENED, a few days ago, to find myself in a holiday camp in the Isle of Man. It was a most interesting experience in many ways. Here, for two guineas a week, boys and young men from the industrial centres of Northern England were provided with a bed and full board—and good board at that—plus a full

for them to have strived to have two mediumly severe services, with a certainty that, if the first did not come in, the second would give little opportunity for winners to be scored off it.

As a matter of fact, I cannot honestly say that either of the players made much effort to hit the cover off the ball. True, the balls were heavy after the rain, and their rackets on the soft side, but even so, it was depressing to see two youths who on the footer field would charge the enemy gloriously and never show a timid front, falling back on stonewalling tactics. I noticed also a great reluctance to come to the net, and even greater reluctance to take the ball on the backhand, and most of all I noticed how many times both of them got caught in no man's land.

As for about the tenth time one of the lads got yorked by the ball at his feet, my companion exclaimed: "That's what's always happening to me." I need hardly add that it was only a matter of a few minutes to put him wise to the reason for this. He beamed, and as he did so he began

to swing his right arm as though a racket were in his hand, eager to get back on to court himself and try out the simple elementary tennis facts I had been telling him. "Where do you end your swing?" I asked. "Do you carry your racket right through to the full extent of your arm, or do you poke at the ball and stop in mid-air, as it were?" And, again, when you play your forehand, do you attempt to hit it standing on your heels, confronting the net, or do you always turn your left shoulder forward, pointing it in the direction to which you ultimately wish to send the ball?" Joe stopped beaming and started to scratch his head. This was more complicated to take in without a practical demonstration. But afterwards we were able to get the use of a court, and in half an hour it was amazing to see how that great, comparatively clumsy fellow improved his shots, when he based them on the elementary laws of tennis such as a professional coach will give even to his youngest pupil at a first lesson.

And now that I am back in London again, I find my thoughts straying off into that camp at Douglas, and wishing that it were possible for some form of professional coaching to be set up in such camps, not only to improve the general standard of all-round play, but to spot any possible Perrys hiding their tennis instinct in such conditions. Last week I wrote about the necessity for organised coaching in our public schools; but after my recent experience in the

North, it seems to me that there is a much wider need for such tuition if we are ever to regain the Davis Cup. After all, having had this proof of the growing keenness for the game among those who in the past have been regarded as football followers only, it is surely up to the L.T.A. not to leave any avenue unexplored in the coming winter months. To those who would suggest that such expenditure and such experiments will ultimately bear no fruition, I should like to point out that Cochet was once a ball-boy, and many of our own most promising players, like Ronald Shayer, who had bad luck in the final of the Derbyshire Championships, started their tennis life as public park court players; not to mention Pat Hughes, now touring America, who was discovered in the first place by the *Evening News* competition for those who have never taken part in a tournament. And I believe if early next summer the L.T.A. were to institute a series of similar tournaments in the Midlands and the North of England, they would have their eyes opened to the immense possibilities, the rich though undeveloped talent, that lie hidden in these quarters, just as there are new veins of coal still to be explored in the Doncaster country, where my mining friend at present works.

(Continued on page viii)



MRS. MARCUS MARSH (EILEEN BENNETT)
AND DAUGHTER, VANESSA

The wife of the famous Newmarket trainer is seen with a lady who, let us believe, will be as graceful an ornament of Wimbledon as her mother has been. As Eileen Bennett, Mrs. Marsh started her winning way in 1924, when she won the Middlesex Tennis Championship. Her career since then is lawn tennis history

HE SAID: 'Six gallons of
NATIONAL BONUS MIXTURE
 please!'



HE MEANT, of course, National Benzole Mixture, but got mixed up between the Benzole and the Bonus. That is not really surprising, because it's the British Benzole that presents the motorist with a Bonus in the form of more miles per gallon. It's the British Benzole also that makes good petrol better, giving greater power and complete freedom from knock. Fill up at the 'National' pump and get your mileage Bonus!



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FOR MORE MILES PER GALLON



H.E. THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA, AND STAFF, WITH THE OFFICERS, 2nd BATT. THE YORK AND LANCASTER REGIMENT, AT THE SANDHURST BARRACKS, AHMEDNAGAR

The above group was taken in July, when India is not exactly the coolest place in the world. It is of much interest because it commemorates the visit of inspection of H.E. General Sir Robert Cassels, Commander-in-Chief in India

The names in the picture are (front row, l. to r.): Major A. W. Edwards, M.C., Lt-Col. R. P. L. Ranking, M.C. (A.M.S. [F.]), Major R. P. Burnett, D.S.O., M.C., Major-Gen. S. B. Pope, C.B., D.S.O. (Offg. G.O.C. in C., Southern Command), Lt-Col. H. A. W. Cole-Hamilton, D.S.O., H.E. the Commander-in-Chief in India, Gen. Sir Robert A. Cassels, G.C.B., C.S.I., D.S.O., Major A. L. Kent-Lemon, Lt-Col. J. O'Sullivan (Offg. Brig. Com.), Lt. and Adjutant R. C. Thomson, Major A. H. Baker (Brig. Major), Capt. C. E. Blad; (second row, l. to r.) Capt. W. W. A. Loring (A.D.C.), Capt. C. T. W. Hill, 2/Lieut. J. V. Hawkins, Capt. and Qr.-Mr. W. Wigley, D.C.M., Capt. C. G. Robins, Bt-Major G. W. Symes, M.C., Lieut. A. G. Puttock, 2/Lieut. R. H. Tobin (S.L.I.L.F.), Subadhar Daud Khan, Capt. R. Seeger, Lieut. R. A. Willis, Lieut. J. A. R. Freeland (A.D.C.); (back row, l. to r.) 2/Lieut. W. L. Norrivoer, 2/Lieut. Habib Ullah Khan (S.L.I.L.F.), 2/Lieut. F. V. D. Mott, 2/Lieut. P. A. R. Reynolds (U.L.I.A.), Lieut. R. O. Slater, Drum-Major P. Young, 2/Lieut. C. R. Tucker, 2/Lieut. E. R. K. Humphries (U.L.I.A.), 2/Lieut. E. B. E. Cragg (U.L.I.A.), 2/Lieut. G. L. V. Fring (U.L.I.A.), 2/Lieut. Kailas Nath Kaul (S.L.I.L.F.)

Alma Motor.

LIKE the "modern girl," the motor-car is periodically attacked by the disgruntled elders of the tribe. It seems to arouse especial animosity when it is owned and driven by a young man or woman. Motoring undergraduates, in particular, are anathema to the ancients, who aim at them ponderous slabs of prejudice. Just lately we have seen in the august pages of *The Times* newspaper the contention that the "younger men" at the Universities ought not to be allowed to have motor-cars at all. Enormously long letters, which always manage to stray far enough from the point to indicate how distinguished are their writers, tell us how dangerous and how undesirable are motor-cars when they are mingled with education. The general view is expressed, quite bluntly, that the motor-car is for the undergraduate an unmixed evil. It is grouped with "the cinema, the gramophone and the girl friend" as "undesirable in the life of undergraduates."

The wary will distinguish here once more the good advice which is traditionally given by those who can no longer set a bad example. It is impossible to say how on earth the motor-car can truthfully be called an unmixed evil for anybody. It depends on how it is used. And surely there is something wrong in the experience of anyone who believes that the cinema, the gramophone and the girl friend are undesirable in the life of one who is in process of educating himself. Whatever may be said of the cinema and the gramophone, it is positive that the girl friend is, and has been since the dawn of history, the supreme educational instrument, beside which all others pale into

PETROL VAPOUR

By JOHN OLIVER

insignificance. I would say, then, in correction of those wan and watery letters, that, in the life of the undergraduate, the first need is the girl friend and the second the motor-car.

Present or Past.

I sympathise with the emotional background which gave rise to those letters in *The Times*, because I am old enough to do so. But I also recognise it as a false background. It is formed by a sort of hatred of the present because it does not repeat the patterns of the past. It is made up of such clichés as "the good old days" and "the country's going to the dogs." Actually it is a matter not only of expediency, but also of duty, for us all to accept the present and the changes it has brought, and seek to modify without checking them. We cannot go back and repeat university life of twenty or thirty years ago. We must accept the changes. We must accept motor-cars,

and young men and even girl friends. I know that motor-cars, like young men and girl friends, can seem very objectionable at times; but it is no good trying to go back to hansom cabs. The right course is to try and improve motor-cars and their accessory, roads, so that our descendants in the air age will be able to write letters to *The Times* saying that aeroplanes are unmixed evils for undergraduates, and pointing out how much better it was when they only had motor-cars.

There is another thing. Road safety is to be secured not only by technical advances in cars and roads, but also by educational advances in the methods of their use.



AT LORD PEEL'S GROUSE-SHOOT

Some of the guns at Lord Peel's recent shoot on Meallmore Moors, Moy, Inverness-shire, and the names are (reading left to right): the Duke of Somerset, Lt-Col. J. A. Stirling, who has a house at Dunblane, and Major George Cornwallis-West, Scots Guards (Reserve of Officers). He was a temporary Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Naval Division in the war

Peterson

Lost Horizon

To lose sight of the good things of life, to be satisfied with "second best," is not the outlook of your successful man. Know him by his quietly efficient manner, his instinct, his taste in friends, in clothes—yes, and in cars. As like as not, you'll find he owns a Wolseley . . .



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A noise startled him and he raised his head and cried out. Freda stood in the doorway, an electric torch in her hand.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

By NEIL BELL

PAUL MOREL paused at the door of his studio and blew a kiss to his wife, who was standing on the stairs. "Good-night, darling," he said, "I'll not be long; I just want to do that vignette for Chapter sixteen; I feel like it."

"It's bed you ought to feel like at this hour. And you've been working most of the day. I wish you wouldn't work by artificial light; you know it's bad for you, and you don't need to. You know what van Helsing said."

"That old footler! Well, I don't do much, anyhow. Only when I've the itch for it, as I have to-night. Won't take me an hour. Bye-bye, darling."

He opened his studio door and entered, closing it softly behind him. Before switching on the light he went over to the window and looked out and up at the Milky Way. What a marvellous night it was, so warm and still and fragrant! He notched a window wide open and then drew the curtains, switched on the brilliant light above the drawing-board on his desk, sat down, adjusted his eye-shade and, picking up a pencil, began work.

He smiled to himself as the phrase his wife had used, "you don't need to," came into his mind. It was quite true. It was quite unnecessary for him to work the hours he did; they were comfortably off; more than comfortably; he'd more work than he could do; was always refusing commissions now, and for fees which not so very many years ago would have seemed incredible.

As his pencil point spun so cunningly a lovely web of lines his mind, following out the train of thought begun by his wife's remark, jumped back to his beginnings as a black-and-white artist. His smile was faintly sardonic as he thought how true to romantic traditions those beginnings of his had been. Not that there was much romance about them as far as he was concerned; nor for Freda, either, although she pretended there was. That was bunkum; very gallant and loyal bunkum, but, for all that, just bunkum. There's nothing romantic about margarine instead of butter, cheap foreign meat, two poky rooms and working in an overcoat because they could not afford a fire in the evenings.

And he was drawing just as well then as he was now; possibly even better, for he was fresher then and alive with

the zest of inspiration, whereas now he must be getting a bit stale. Yet for a time he couldn't sell a thing, while now, well, the trouble was to keep pace with the demand.

Of course, he was called lucky. And there *was* an element of luck in his tremendous success; in its beginning, anyhow. But for the rest, it was mostly hard work, as it always is. Still, he'd be the first to admit that luck had played its small part, although no doubt his success would have come in any case; it would merely have been delayed a little longer. Probably in the lives of most successful men there was a queer little incident of that sort which bore every semblance of sheer chance. And in retrospect no doubt it always seemed as if things were at their lowest ebb when it occurred.

Well, certainly they had been with him; they couldn't very well have been blacker. Even now, ten years after the event, he could feel the wretched, hopeless, sick feeling in his stomach when the clerk at Saber's had pushed his portfolio of drawings across the counter in the Enquiries room and said there was no message for him. And they hadn't even bothered to do it up properly; had just bundled it into a piece of brown paper and slipped a perfunctory piece of string round it.

Yes, he certainly touched bottom as he slunk out of the room and turned to descend the winding stone stairway. Slunk was the right word. He hadn't even guts enough left to stick his chin in the air and curse Saber's and all the herd of blind, rule-of-thumb, money-grubbing publishers.

And then it had happened! A sort of human whirlwind coming up the stairs two at a time rounded a bend head down, charged into him, and sent his portfolio flying, scattering the drawings pell-mell. The whirlwind, a lanky, middle-aged man with a black sombrero and a tawny beard, had apologised a little breathlessly and had helped him to scabble his drawings up. And suddenly the whirlwind, with an odd change in his voice, had said, "These yours?"—just those two monosyllables, fired at him as if from a gun. And when he'd nodded, something in the nature of an earthquake had happened, for the whirlwind had said abruptly, "I'm Ross—S. H. Ross," and, before he'd time to recover from that stupendous piece of information, had taken his arm and rushed him upstairs again, through the clerks' room and, without a knock, into Mr. Saber's private room. And there Ross, S. H. Ross, the world-famous Ross, poet, playwright, man of genius, had tipped out his despised drawings on the desk in front of Mr. George Saber and had said, "Here's the man you're supposed to have been looking for these six years"

(Continued on page 368)

This England . . .



Bournemouth from Branksome

OZONE, they say . . . sea air . . . the change will do you good. And so it is. Yet if we think upon it, the greatest good comes surely of the unaccustomed exercise we take. For of what use are the great airs under a wider sky if our lungs are not opened to them. What walkers we become, how we rejoice to feel the soil of another England (yet still our own) under the feet, and savour the sweet odours that sun and rain release. And when little-used muscles cry a halt, how grand to laze in the cool dim parlour of an inn before a Worthington—its tawny gleam a promise of new vitality drawn from our own rich earth.



THE LIGHT THAT FAILED—(Continued from page 366)

and I've had to find him for you. Just look at it! Seen anything like it since Beardsley? Well, here he is; I want him and you want him."

And with that the world had changed for him; changed so utterly that it was like the effect of a magician's wand. He had gone out of Mr. Saber's office that afternoon with enough work commissioned to last him for six months. And, considering their circumstances, what was just then even better, an advance payment of one hundred and fifty pounds. Ross had screwed that out of Saber for him. How that night they had celebrated this miraculous turn of fortune's wheel! And the bottle of wine they had shared at that hilarious meal had made them both tipsy, so long it had been since they had tasted intoxicants.

And that was only the beginning; not a flash in the pan and then fading out; there was to be no fading out with him, but a growing illumination which was to become almost dazzling. He was soon beginning to be talked about, just as, a generation before, Beardsley had been talked about and, later, that strange genius, Austin O. Spare. And then the commissions had begun to come in and were soon flooding in; and his reputation grew steadily with them, until he was known as one of the foremost illustrators of the day, and the most grotesque prices began to be paid by collectors for books containing his early work. And then he had had the rare distinction of the drawings he had done for Malory's "Morte d'Arthur" being exhibited first at the Paris Salon and later at the Berlin Art Gallery.

And now they were comfortably off, well - to - do, with this pleasant town house, their country cottage, and their circle of friends. The amenities of civilisation were theirs for the asking; well, for the buying, anyhow; and they'd the money to buy with. Never again could the days of poverty return; he'd seen to that; he'd an assured income now, whatever happened; they could live comfortably for the rest of their lives even if his sight failed. Even if his sight failed. Even if—what the devil was he thinking about! He smiled. Of course, it was that remark of Freda's just before she went upstairs. Fantastic nonsense! His eyes were good for as long as he was. Everyone gets occasional pains in the eyes; just nerves; or biliousness. He'd been silly to let Freda persuade him to see that old footler

van Helsing. Naturally, he had to say something to justify his fee. And what a something it had been! Avoid working by artificial light as much as possible! An old woman's tale, this nonsense about artificial light; good, powerful artificial light was probably better than sunlight. And van Helsing called himself a specialist; and charged ten guineas for that bit of rubbish!

And now, of course, his eyes *were* pricking! Nerves, that was, and imagination. That was the curse of being sensitive and imaginative; to think anxiously about any part of one's body was immediately to feel pain there; that was the price one had to pay for being an artist. Queer, though, that this imaginary pain should be so real; or seem so real. Of course it couldn't be real; still, it hurt as much, so what was the difference? Perhaps all pain was imaginary. What rubbish he was thinking. But his eyes were certainly pricking and smarting and watering; well, he'd soon be finished; another ten minutes. He blinked his eyes, wiped them with a swift movement of the back of his hand and then abruptly, shatteringly, utter darkness, sheer blackness, shut down upon him.

He bit back a cry of fear, dropped his pen, and stared about him. He pushed back his chair and made to get up, and then, overcome by a feeling of helplessness, he dropped back into his chair and sat with clenched hands looking into the black void before him. Suddenly he began to find his breathing difficult, and a

panic suffocation assailed him so that his stomach turned sickeningly. He felt he was losing control of himself and he bent forward and leaned his head upon his outstretched arms, fighting to keep this overwhelming horror within bounds. He could feel the sweat trickling down his cheek, beading upon his lip, and running into the corner of his dry mouth.

A noise startled him and he raised his head and cried out. Freda stood in the doorway, an electric torch in her hand. "Isn't it too annoying!" she said; "and we've not a candle in the house. And I was at such an exciting part of that new novel. Had you finished?"

"Well, nearly," he said, his heart still thumping in his chest.

"Come along to bed. You're looking terribly washed out."

"Feel it," he said shakily. "Working too hard. You look lovely in that wrap." He laughed excitedly. "Put that torch out and I'll kiss you."

THE END.



MISS BETTY STOCKFELD

When fair-haired Betty Stockfeld wears magnificent white furs the effect is ravishing. These furs are a sartorial feature of the Dorian film "Secretary in Trouble," Betty's latest starring medium, which is in process of being produced at Ealing

TIMES CHANGE



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A THEATRICAL WEEK-END PARTY AT LYPMPNE

In this picture, taken on the Lypmpne Aerodrome, are (l. to r.): Mr. W. E. Davies, managing director of the Cinque Ports Flying Club; Mr. Noel Coward, Miss Jeanne de Casalis, Mr. M. Dupois, the manager; and Mr. Douglas Stevenson, who was the host at his house at Aldington. They all went to Lypmpne after lunch to help Mr. Noel Coward, who is vice-president of the Cinque Ports Flying Club, plan the route of the Wakefield Cup Race, which will be held in conjunction with the International Air Rally, which is due at Lypmpne on August 28

Life and Lypmpne.

IT is as easy to think of a hundred reasons for going to Paris as it is to think of a hundred reasons for staying away from London. Consequently it is difficult for the conscientious private aeroplane owner to repay the hospitality he receives when he is touring in France. England is inhuman: it is run, not for the benefit of flesh and blood, but of some insubstantial and rather snobbish psyche; not for the benefit of men and women, but of an antiquated politico-religious myth. It is no place in which to entertain sentient beings. But periodically some heroic person makes the attempt. Spurred on by memories of the delightful experiences he has had abroad, he will invite some non-English-thinking friend over and try to please him. He will try by sheer persistence, by the lavish expenditure of money, by persuasion and wire-pulling, to overcome the multitudinous obstacles which English laws and customs place in the way of the grand time. He will usually fail; but occasionally he will succeed.

The Cinque Ports Club of Lypmpne has succeeded in the past, and looks as if it will succeed again this week-end. It has invited over a large number of guests from the Continent to its International Rally, and I am told that the rate at which the acceptances have been coming in shows that the gesture is appreciated. The Club deserves the thanks of everybody in aviation for its efforts in this direction. It succeeds where more elaborate, more "national" schemes of entertainment dismally fail. It displays a genuine genius for playing host. Whether Sir Philip Sassoon has anything to do with it this year I do not know; but in the past he has actively supported the Club's international rallies, and I expect that—Office of Works or no Office of Works—he will continue to do so in the future.

Lessons.

Enormous industry is displayed by the more ponderous critics in drawing "lessons" from Royal Air Force exercises, and the recent London exercises gave

AIR EDDIES By OLIVER STEWART

them an opportunity to point out this, that and the other about the ability of bombing aeroplanes to penetrate our defences. Actually, as the Air Ministry has said, exercises of this kind do not "test" anything. They resemble physical exercises in that they train and tune up those taking part, without pitting them competitively one against another. Exercises differ in this from manoeuvres, which are, to some extent, competitive. Manoeuvres are more nearly related in the world of athletics to the actual races and contests. In some of the previous R.A.F. exercises, the competitive element has entered and has cast doubt upon the accuracy of the title. But this year the exercises were exclusively exercises and nothing more.

Many artificial devices were introduced to separate them from manoeuvres. There was the limit to the lowness at which machines might fly at night, there was the ruling that no casualties would be simulated, there was the shortage of searchlights. Pilots and airmen benefited by the work, and gained valuable flying experience. Equipment and organisation also benefited. But nothing occurred to show that any change had taken place in the relative powers of air attack and air defence. Air attack, like every other kind of attack, enjoys a fundamental advantage over defence. But there is no reason to suppose that it is an overwhelmingly great advantage. If the fighters are kept well ahead of the bombers in performance—and that should always be feasible—they ought to be able to put up an effective resistance on most occasions. Sometimes the weather favours the bombers; but it sometimes favours the fighters, as it did at the beginning of this year's exercises.

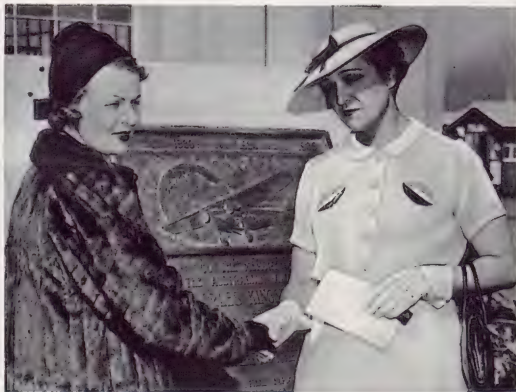
Manoeuvres Wanted.

Exercises, as I have said, do not really tell us much about aerial tactics. But manoeuvres might do so, and it seems to me to be time that the Royal Air Force staged some really large-scale manoeuvres. They could be held next year, and if it is thought that using the London area would entail too much danger, they could be held elsewhere. In such manoeuvres, the two sides would be kept completely in the dark about each other's plans, and an attempt would be made to imitate as nearly as possible the conditions of real war. Each side would be entitled to use its own methods of attack and defence.

This sort of thing might tell us something about the value of low-flying raids and about dive-bombing. It would be more dangerous than the exercises; but a number of artificialities could be introduced to make the action reasonably safe. The chief aim would be to allow both sides the greatest possible freedom of operation.

Old and New.

During the talk about the handing over to the Admiralty of the Fleet Air Arm, I again heard dive-bombing referred to as a new and recently invented method of attack from the air. In fact, I was personally making experiments in dive-bombing in 1918, and a good deal was known about its possibilities then. I was doing many hours' flying each day dive-bombing on a target with live bombs, with the object of drawing up statistical tables about its accuracy. It is the same with most air defence and attack devices. They were nearly all of them tried during the war. Sometimes the constructional abilities and materials available at the time prevented them from being fully developed; but the ideas were there.



LADY KINGSFORD-SMITH AND MRS. FRED NOONAN

The widows of two gallant airmen met at the memorial at Curland Airport, California, which was set up in memory of Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith and Captain C. T. P. Ulm. Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith disappeared two years ago, it is supposed, in the Malayan jungles. Captain Noonan was Amelia Earhart's navigator

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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

September Weddings.

Mr. D. M. Booth, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Booth, of 28, Chester Street, and Funtington Lodge, Chichester, will marry Kathleen, only child of the late C. R. Hime, and of Mrs. Hime, of Grafton, Tilford, Farnham; Mr. C. W. Beck, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Beck, of

Right Hon. T. K. Laidlaw, of Somerton, Castleknock, Co. Dublin, and of the late Mrs. Laidlaw; Dr. C. A. Hinds Howell, B.M., M.R.C.P., second son of Dr. C. M. Hinds Howell, D.M., F.R.C.P., and Mrs. Hinds Howell, of Harley Street, and Jasmine, younger daughter of Sir Percv Greenaway, Bt., and Lady Green-

way, of Eastcott, Kingston Hill, Surrey; Mr. H. O'Brien only son of the late the Hon. T. J. O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S.A., and Dorothea Frances, daughter of the late Captain Chilton, R.A., and Mrs. Chilton, of Merrow, Guildford; Mr. A. Martyn, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, only son of Brig.-General Arundel Martyn (late The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment) and Mrs. Martyn, of Hart's Delyte, Budleigh Salterton, and Jean, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Laird, of Cambridge Terrace, Dover; Mr. B. H. Craig, the Buifs, son of Major and Mrs. Clarence Craig, of the Old Manor House, Hythe, Kent, and Elizabeth Hazel, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Boxwell, of Butters-town, Ballycogley, Co. Wexford; Mr. C. S. S. Royston, 3rd Btn. The 9th Jat Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Royston, of Shillong, and Daphne Mabel Beatrice Walford, only child of Mr. and Mrs. H. Walford, of Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.



MISS PAMELA SAVORY

The youngest daughter of Sir William Savory, Bt., and Lady Savory, who is to marry Mr. Ronald Graham Syme, Gold Coast Administrative Service, the second son of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Syme, of Woodlawn, New Milton, Hants

September 9, Mr. A. B. Stobart, younger son of Henry Gervais and Mrs. Stobart, of Thornton le Dale, will marry Julia, eldest daughter of Graf and Grafm Julius Marzani, of Rum, Innsbruck, Austria. The wedding will take place in Innsbruck. Another September wedding, which will take place in Durban, is that of Captain T. Murray Smith, of Nairobi, Kenya Colony, second son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith, of Bitterne, Hants, and Ida Violet, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Clifton, of Southampton.

Recent Engagements.

Lieut.-Colonel F. Thornton, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, only son of the late Colonel Walter Thornton and of Mrs. Thornton, of Draycott, Bodicote, Banbury, and Margaret, elder daughter of the



MISS FELICITY ANNE STEWART-WALLACE

Who is to marry Mr. P. J. H. Stanley, only son of the Rev. S. M. Stanley and Mrs. Stanley, of The Rectory, Stapleford Tawney, Essex. Miss Stewart-Wallace is the elder daughter of Sir John Stewart-Wallace, C.B., and Lady Stewart-Wallace, of The Paddock House, Gerrards Cross



MISS ADELIA HAWES

The younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Hawes, is marrying Mr. L. E. Rowan Bental, younger son of Mr. L. H. Bental, J.P., and Mrs. Bental, at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, on September 15

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Very dainty Afternoon Apron in reliable White British Organdie, trimmed attractive embroidery and stitching.

Each 2/11

Cap 439. Flat Coronet Cap, made to match with ribbon velvet. Each 1/6

Set 193. Dainty Set to match, with straight cuff. Set 2/6

APRON 750

New design in White Afternoon Apron: Shaped skirt, without gathers, so that it will lie flat. Trimmed with an attractive lace edging. 2/6

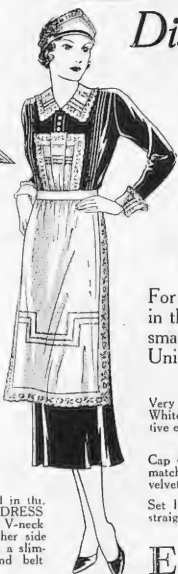
Cap 454. Flat Coronet Cap, trimmed with same lace as apron, and threaded with Black ribbon velvet. 1/6

Set 202. Collar and Cuff Set, made to fit V-shape neck, and to match both apron and cap 1/11



PAMELA

Special value is offered in this Smart AFTERNOON DRESS. Semi-fitting style with V-neck two inverted pleats either side in front of skirt, giving a slimming effect. All-round belt made in Wool Repp. Colours: Saxe, Brown, Green Wine, Grey, Navy and Black Unlined. Women's ... 16/11 O.S. ... 18/11



MARIE

Attractive Dress made in either Coronation Red or Blue. All-wool repp. Plain tailored style, forming a panel down centre of front from neck to hem, with two pleats at bottom. Three self-coloured bone buttons at V-neck. All round belt. Price ... 14/11 O.S. ... 16/11

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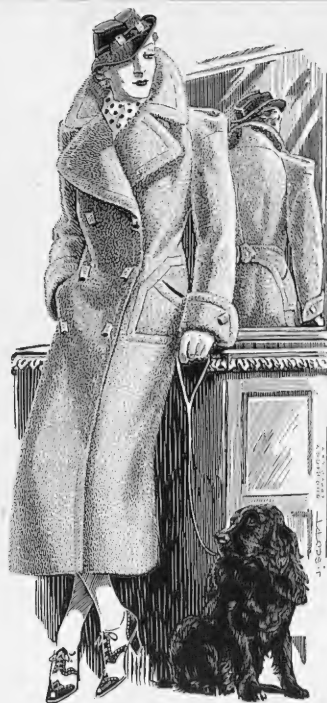
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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION


By M. E. Brooke

TO-DAY Fenwick, 62-63, New Bond Street, create and interpret headgear that the well-dressed woman adopts to-morrow; in their salons is something ultra distinctive and flattering for every type of face. The overhat—or overhair—veil, sometimes called the “clair de lune,” is the latest idea; it takes the form of a large square of net and is destined to be attached to the hair or hat with a large jewelled safety pin. Some are in dragon-fly colours, and in others are embodied all the glorious shades seen in a fuchsia; these accessories are from the modest sum of seventeen shillings and sixpence



Pictures
by Blake

THERE are many variations on the “profile” hat theme in the Fenwick salons, one of which, carried out in felt, finds pictorial expression at the base of this page on the left. Then a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that this particular model is only thirty-nine shillings and sixpence. Felt also makes the *chef d'œuvre* above, with its very high crown, its extension suggesting an aeroplane propeller. The Anzac hat has its rôle to play; it is easy to wear, yet nevertheless smart. A small black plateau hat is surrounded with a cable of multi-coloured ribbons with “chin” bow to match. Another model, innocent of a crown, is trimmed with feather apples in shades of red and leaves



A woman is as old as her skin

A youthful supple clear skin can take ten years off your age. Every woman knows that. But not the rarest and most costly cosmetics known can really disguise a skin that is weary and lifeless, a skin that is reaching its "critical age."

The signal is set at danger. From now on there is only one way to keep your skin young. You must keep the pores clean. Water will do this to a certain extent. A good cream can be fairly effective. But there is something far better than water or cream, a cleanser which penetrates right down to the base of the pores.

It is Coty Avocado Beauty Milk. Coty make this cleanser from the oil of the Calavo Avocado pear, the most penetrating oil yet known. Sinking to the very bottom of the pores, this oil loosens the long-hidden particles of powder and rouge, and floats them gently to the surface.

That is why it makes your skin feel fresher and cleaner and years younger in appearance. What is more, your powder will go on more smoothly and cling better than ever before. Calavo Avocado Beauty Milk is made only by Coty. A bottle costs 4/6.



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The New Line

AND THE NEWEST FABRICS



A DISPLAY of fashion was recently held at Celanese House, Hanover Square, when the autumn Celanese jersey materials were shown, the colours of which were exceptionally beautiful. Gipsy violet, Mexican fuchsia and haze blue aroused great admiration. A new garment was a petti-tunic in mylanit with zipper fastening down the front; a strong point in its favour is that it is shadowproof. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the fabricating medium possesses all the usual admirable qualities of Celanese.

IT is Celanese gipsy violet crystal jersey which makes the frock on the left. The diamond-shaped motif which springs from the base of the "V"-shaped neckline and continues several inches below the waist is very becoming and so are the floating panels. The dress on the right is of haze blue crêpe jersey with modish high neckline and shaped belt. There were redingotes of corduroy jersey boldly ribbed, some of which had evidently been designed to play the rôle of the ever practical house coats.

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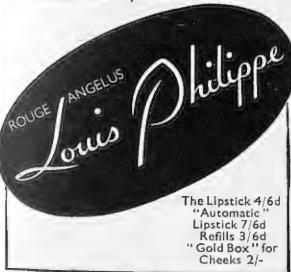
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"In Quest of Good Hotels"

By Ashley Courtenay

British Hotels used to be the Aunt Sally of any chance journalist in search of "copy" and sundry other dyspeptic persons. That is no longer the case. And, although the Englishman is primarily a home-lover, hotels have adapted themselves to his increasing wayfaring proclivities. But hotels are as different and individual as their visitors. Mr. Courtenay, with a rare combination of "flair" and experience, is becoming the recognized connecting link.

Hotels are his hobby and his profession. More and more people are enjoying his weekly articles on the subject in "THE SPHERE" and every morning he receives enquiries for detailed information. Unlike explorers whose activities devolve some 1000 miles up the Amazon, Mr. Courtenay's "discoveries" make excellent objectives for all who like a week-end in the country . . . or just somewhere to stay for a social event in town or country.

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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES



KI TSUN OF ALDERBOURNE
The property of Mrs. Ashton Cross

It has been decided to hold an Open Show at the Alexandra Palace next year. All suitable dates at Olympia are booked up as the run on it is so great. Alexandra Palace has several advantages; there are good exercising grounds and a good car park, also an excellent train service. The catering is good and moderate in price. I may mention that the Palace is not like it was a few years ago, but is under new management and is well done. I hope all our members will make a point of supporting the Association. The Show

healthy, tricolour, with short legs and good points.

The Keeshond has rapidly established himself in this country. He is a very handsome dog, intelligent, devoted, hardy and specially good with children. Miss Hastings owns one of the foremost kennels of Keeshonds. It has been built up by careful breeding for several years. Its stars are the famous trio, Chs. Fürstin, Hagedorn, and Halunke of Evenlode, and there are several other good ones in the



BASSET HOUNDS
The property of Miss Swan

will be held the first week in May. As regards reaching it from the South of England it is just as simple to go round London as through it, or rather more so. Everyone who attended the Show held there this year said what a nice place it was.

Why some breeds decline in favour is a thing no one can tell. This has been for some years the fate of the Basset hound, but the tide is turning again. The Basset is a very old French breed and is an altogether delightful little dog of most marked appearance, who makes an admirable companion. Also as hounds for people who hunt on foot Bassets are really superior to Beagles, as owing to their conformation they are much slower. The modern Beagle is too fast for most people. Two or three couple of Bassets can give an immense amount of amusement with very little trouble. It is greatly to be hoped that there will soon be a real revival in Basset hounds. Miss Swan is one of those who have lately taken them up. She sends a picture of two of hers, and is full of enthusiasm about them. There are some puppies for disposal. The mother is seen in the picture. They are all strong and

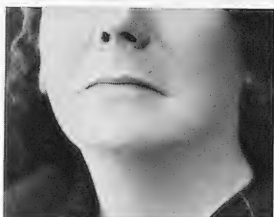


KEESHOND PUPPIES
The property of Miss Hastings

kennel. Miss Hastings has for sale one eight-month and two six-months-old dogs. Miss Hastings says "they are very nice puppies, one is definitely up to show form." Also, two of the puppies in the snapshot are for sale. Miss Hastings, in partnership with Miss Cousens, has a successful boarding kennel at Henley, where dogs have every attention. Visitors are always welcome.

Mrs. Ashton Cross owns one of the most famous kennels of Pekinese in the world. Her dogs are remarkable both for their marvellous coats and their total absence of nervousness. Nothing puts them out. One could not attempt to mention the innumerable champions and winners owned by Mrs. Ashton Cross. The picture is of Ki Tsun of Alderbourne, deep red, and a big winner. The Alderbourne Pekinese also shine in obedience tests; one of them has won the Toy Obedience test at our Show three years running. Mrs. Ashton Cross has now started a shop in Lansdowne Place, where dogs can be washed and attended to. There are also good ones for sale, both there and at her house near Amersham.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cudham, Southampton.



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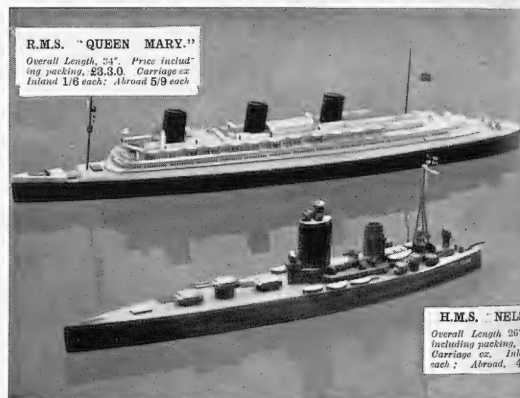
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Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 362

It may be argued, "But supposing you develop a possible Perry, or a prospective Austin, what then? Are you going to uproot the boy from his natural surroundings and take him south to train him, to put him under Maskell's coaching? If you do that, how is the boy going to keep himself during the next few years? Are you prepared to pay him the same wages as he was earning in the mine or in some great industrial concern? And if you do that, won't you be automatically turning him into a professional? After all, it is not the same as scouting out new football talent, and adopting some boy as colt material for a famous football team. That game does provide as good a living for a youngster born and bred in the world we are talking about as any he might secure for himself in his home town."

Well, my answer to that is: If we are ever to regain the Davis Cup it will only be through a frank change of front in regard to the present hush-hush policy where professionalism is concerned. Unless we can make it worth while for promising tennis players to put the best years of their life at the disposal of the L.T.A., we shall never see that cup back again. For I am certain that future stars are not to be found in the ranks of the present collection of tournament players, who get so far on their journey towards the heights and then stick in a slough of mediocrity. No, it is new blood we want; the sort of blood that went to Perry's composition, the sort of blood that doesn't care a damn for tradition, for precedents that have long since outlived their day, who doesn't look upon tennis as a pot-hunting pastime, or as a means to social advancement, but instead plays the game because it is in his blood, just as boxing is in Farr's blood, and doesn't care a hang for anyone or anything that stands in his path.

In short, there are lots of lads in their teens who could be fired with just the same passion to become a great tennis star as they are at present fired with the ambition to be a great footballer, if only they could fall into the right hands while their sporting enthusiasm is in its most malleable form. I wish I had the power and the right to go out into the by-ways and search for such talent myself. I am positive it is there, just as I am positive that in the next two or three years the whole question of amateurism, or, rather, shamateurism, will finally be thrashed out, and, in consequence, a new list of tennis laws will have to be passed by those in authority. Why, even this week has witnessed an outburst on the subject from Mr. F. R. Burrow, who

referee'd at Wimbledon for eighteen years, and therefore does understand the ins and outs of the game from Wimbledon to Whitechapel. And he has dared to suggest that in future our leading players should have their living expenses guaranteed by the L.T.A., because he believes that this infringement of the present amateur ruling, revolutionary though it may be, is the lesser of two evils. And the greater? Mr. Burrow was quite blunt about that. He accused our leading players of being kept by our leading racket manufacturers, so that, in response to a promise to use So-and-So's racket, sums of cash pass secretly from hand to hand, never appearing in bank pass-books or in business ledgers except under the heading of "petty cash," so that no one is any the wiser, except the tournament officials who, in their turn, promise to use a certain make of ball or court equipment if the makers, in return, will send down a troop of first-class players likely to guarantee a series of good gates during the week.

The whole dirty process of shabby shamateurism is so palpably obvious to anyone who moves even on the fringes of tennis society that it has struck me for some time that it is not surprising so many members of the L.T.A. Executive are forced to wear glasses. Moreover, if there are many more attacks from such irrefutable sources as has emanated from the pen of Mr. Burrow this week, it seems to me it will be impossible for the L.T.A. not to do one of two things: Either take drastic action to stop the formation of these so-called amateur circuses, which will mean in turn the economic inability of many of our leading players to go on appearing in tournaments at all, or else the L.T.A. will have, as I have already suggested, to reform its rulings on the amateur question and openly support those players who are in need of it on the one hand, and who, on the other, look like being Davis Cup players one day in the same manner as two thousand years ago in the Periclean Age promising painters, musicians and poets found themselves fed and clothed and housed by an imaginative body of public-minded men. I don't imagine one would ever go so far as to call the L.T.A. that! Still, the fact remains they netted another cool £14,000 out of Wimbledon this year. It's no good my asking the question to what use will that money be put, because I know I shan't receive an answer. However, I would like to suggest that when some of the stars have finished playing for a week with the rackets they never have to pay for, they might send them north to one of the industrial centres where some keen youngster would shed tears of joy over them, having been used all his tennis life to play with something that resembles a very, very diseased lacrosse net.



Manicure and Pedicure.

It was in June, 1934, that Peggy Sage opened her artistic salons at 130, New Bond Street, for manicure and pedicure, the success of which is too well known to need discussion. Every one must write for the interesting brochure entitled "Beautiful Hands" (for which there is no charge). Read carefully the article on "Simple Hand Gymnastics," and then try the exercises suggested before a mirror, as hands cannot be beautiful unless they are supple. Regarding colour, Miss Sage believes that the basic colours will be skin tones, which have ivory, mauve, bluish or yellow tints; of course, from time to time a striking shade will be introduced and will instantly become modish. Every woman must find space in her luggage for the Fingertip Treatment; it consists of lotion, nail brush and orange wood stick, with special rubber applicator. Now something must be said about the pedicure treatments, as they are of exalted merit; not only are the nails cared for, but the feet in general are tended. Many women declare that after their feet have received attention they experience the sensation of walking on air.

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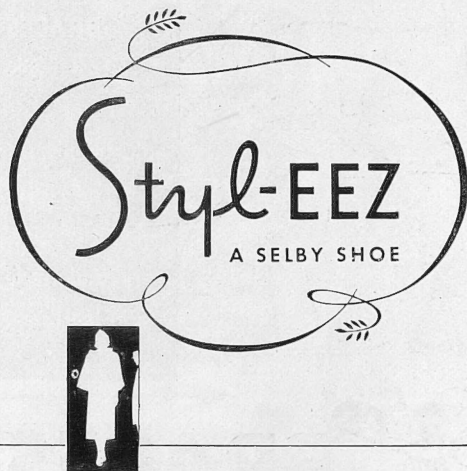
THE complexion may well be compared with a flower which blooms in the sun and yet wilts from lack of nourishment. Just as a wild rose transplanted to the tropics would very soon fade, so does the skin tend to suffer from the scorching rays of Eastern suns. With care, however, it is possible both to retain and recapture a clear skin, as Flavia Compton, 23a, Ebury Street, is the creator of a series of excellent beauty preparations. Her Anti-Wrinkle Cream is a wonderful rejuvenating mask which takes away that "tired look" and banishes small lines, leaving the skin firm and glowing. Its effects are those of a cocktail, whereas Turtle Oil Cream is excellent for regular use every night. It nourishes the tissues, and strengthens relaxed muscles. In cases where the complexion is rough and blemished, an antiseptic Acne Lotion is advocated, as it is very soothing and healing. A boon to bathers is the Flavia Compton Waterproof Cream which produces a lasting make-up, impervious both to rain and sea water. It costs 4s. 6d., and affords an excellent protection when motoring or yachting.



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'Duggie' explains —

'Phone v. Telegram

Sir Edward: "Morning, Duggie. I want your advice in connection with my friend 'Brockhurst'. He's become quite interested in racing since he inherited his title."

Duggie: "Hereditary feeling, I suppose, Sir Edward. His grandfather was a great racing man. Anything serious happened?"

Sir Edward: "Not exactly serious, but unpleasant. Last week he 'phoned his bookmaker £100 each way 'SHUCKS.'"

Duggie: "Lucky 'Brockhurst'—it won at 100/6."

Sir Edward: "Not so lucky, when he received his account there was no mention of 'SHUCKS' but another horse—a loser—was substituted."

Duggie: "Any possibility of 'Brockhurst' being mistaken?"

Sir Edward: "Not the slightest. He dined the previous evening with Lord Bobs who owns 'SHUCKS', that's why he backed it. He insists that his bookie's 'phone operator took the bet and repeated it to him."

Duggie: "What does the bookmaker say?"

Sir Edward: "He's insistent upon his being right. What is 'Brockhurst' to do?"

Duggie: "It's difficult to advise—simply one word against the other."

Sir Edward: "Seems damned hard, shakes one's confidence in betting by 'phone.'"

Duggie: "I agree, Sir Edward, 'phone betting can be most unsatisfactory. 99% of the disputes between backer and bookmaker occur over 'phoned commissions. It is for that reason that I always recommend my clients to bet by telegram."

Sir Edward: "But one can't always make it convenient to look for Post Offices. Besides, lots of backers study the expense."

Duggie: "Both superfluous worries, Sir Edward. As regards Post Offices, it's simple to send a telegram by 'phone—as to the expense, I defray the cost of telegrams."

Sir Edward: "Excellent. I'll tell 'Brockhurst' all you say. Meanwhile, will you arrange an account for him?"

Duggie: "Certainly, Sir Edward... always a great pleasure to do business with any of your friends."

'Duggie Explains' series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious

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